New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1417 SATURDAY · 10 MAY 1958 NINEPENCE

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The Revolt of Common Sense

OFFICIAL circles are confused and alarmed about the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament because it is a movement of a new pattern. It is unprecedented because it has no political group behind it; no showman's drum beats it up; it has no leaders serving personal ambitions; it is not inspired or indeed supported by the Communist Party, which is embarrassed by the obvious retort that the Soviet Union should also abandon nuclear weapons. The Establishment's alarm is illustrated by the grotesque waffling of ministers when they are asked if they are really prepared to press the button for total destruction, and by the refusal of the BBC to give publicity, even in the ordinary way of news, to Albert Schweitzer's lectures at Oslo, on the strange ground that they were 'political'. In an obviously inspired article *The Times* political correspondent even tried to support an argument that the Campaign is no longer watched 'warily, even nervously' by the government; he implied that Bertrand Russell was somehow disingenuous in stating his personal belief in unilateral action—and stressing that he was speaking only for himself—when he forwarded the appeal of 618 British scientists that nuclear tests should be stopped by international agreement.

The complaint that the Campaign is inconsistent shows how far the authorities are from understanding its nature. The Committee for Nuclear Disarmament provides speakers for meetings and publishes leaflets in an endeavour to satisfy an insatiable demand. The speakers talk from different angles; some are pacifists; some are people who are now converted to a pacifist position because nuclear war is suicidal and indiscriminate. Some want to leave Nato; some want to retain defensive but not nuclear weapons. The one thing that differentiates them all from Conservative, and even from Labour, official policy is that they believe that Britain should no longer attempt to be a great power ensuring its own destruction by contributing a trivial quota towards the preparations for suicide. The movement is inspired by nothing more subversive than an elementary instinct of self-preservation.

The Aldermaston March was not arranged by politicians; it was supported, after it was planned, by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. This Committee will have its work cut out to co-ordinate the manifold manifestations of the nuclear protest. The 'Mass Lobby' of 20 May looks like being a large affair—far larger than its sponsors expected. Originally planned as a lobby of London MPs, it has now been spontaneously reinforced by coach-loads of supporters from Yorkshire, Scotland, Devon, Lancashire, Cornwall, Wales, and other parts of the country. No one has any axe to grind; the object is merely to impress on MPs that the thoughtful public of England does not intend passively to be murdered. An independent committee against nuclear war has also arranged a mass march on London from various points outside it, and the same committee is making preparations for a continuous vigil outside the US Embassy in protest against the arrest of the *Golden Rule*, the American ketch, which was sailing in protest to the Eniwetok test area. On 26 May Oxford has organised a march to the RAF base at Brize Norton to protest against patrols by aircraft carrying H-bombs.

Most of these demonstrators are people who in the normal course of events support the Labour Party. They are sharply aware of the difference between the chief parties on this issue. Labour stands for the unilateral ending of tests. But those who demonstrate are not convinced by the official Labour campaign. Aneurin Bevan was their obvious political leader, and they understand that, as a possible future foreign secretary, he may have reservations when making detailed promises about a situation that cannot be accurately foreseen. If the Labour Party were determined to abandon the H-bomb, but intended only to use its interim retention as a lever to stop Germany and France having nuclear weapons, many of the attacks on official Labour would evaporate. But its leaders have not convinced the world that they differ fundamentally about the use of nuclear weapons from Mr Macmillan or General Norstad. When the demonstrators are sure that the Labour leadership really means to eliminate nuclear weapons from our armoury, they will again be its enthusiastic supporters.

Comments on the Week's News

Sir Hugh Foot Tries Again

It is too early to say for certain that the assassination of two British soldiers in Famagusta marks a general ending to the uneasy truce which has existed in Cyprus between Eoka and the British security forces since last August. But, taken together with Sir Hugh Foot's reimposition of the death penalty for carrying arms, it lends urgency to his official visit to London. The fact that comparative peace has prevailed for so long indicates the degree to which moderate elements among the Greek population – with the support of Archbishop Makarios – have gained moral ascendency over the extremists of Eoka. This in turn reflects a recognition by Greek opinion generally – in Athens as well as Cyprus – that the future of the island is beset by genuine political difficulties which can be overcome only by moderation and compromise. Unfortunately the British government has so far done almost nothing to take advantage of this shift in opinion. There was some sense in Mr Selwyn Lloyd's decision, at last January's Baghdad Pact meeting, to take over the problem of Cyprus from the Colonial Secretary: at least it recognised that the Turkish political campaign is directed wholly from Ankara. But since then no political initiative has come from London, either to give solid form to Sir Hugh Foot's good will or to lend authority to the moderating influence of the Archbishop – who has come a long way in accepting the principle of a period of self-government as a preliminary to self-determination. Meanwhile uninstructed or cynical propaganda has continued for the utterly disastrous refuge of partition. This week-end Greece goes to the polls; and, whatever the exact result of the election, next week will see a new Greek government ready to resume negotiations. Unless Britain has something to offer, the more favourable atmosphere of the last few months will quickly be dissipated and the future will belong to Grivas and his gunmen.

Mollet's New Policy

By this week-end, France should have a government again, led by that astute and shifty Breton, René Pleven. Its majority will be virtually the same as Gaillard's, for Pleven only agreed to continue in his task after Mollet has assured him that the Socialists would vote for his investiture and support him on all major policy votes. There will, however, be one important difference: the Socialist Minister-Resident, Robert Lacoste, will have to leave Algiers. This, in Mollet's eyes, is the principal, and beneficial, result of the crisis: for many months past he has regarded Lacoste as a major embarrassment and, in consequence, a threat to his own control of the party. Hence his adamant refusal to allow Socialist ministers to participate. Lacoste clearly saw this 'betrayal' coming, and expressed his bitterness last week in an astonishing interview with his old enemy, Jean Daniel of *L'Express*, during which he launched a violent attack on his Socialist colleague Pineau for his handling of the diplomatic aspects of the Sakiet affair at the Quai d'Orsay. ('*Il n'y pas pas d'autre mot, ce sont des cons. Pendant que nous travaillons ici, ils ne font que des conneries*'.) With Lacoste once more in private life, however, the sheet anchor of the Socialist 'war' policy will be gone, and there are signs that Mollet welcomes this opportunity for an agonising reappraisal. According to those close to him, his strategy is now as follows: allow Pleven two months in office, then overthrow him, forcing the construction of a minority right-wing government under Soustelle. When this fails, the way will then be open for a 'peace' ministry under Socialist leadership. This tortuous programme, however, ignores one important fact. Last month, France's gold and dollar reserves dropped a further £59 million. The big US credits will thus be exhausted in November at the latest. On Tuesday, the National Accounts Committee stated that France would have to reimpose rationing, thus confirming Mendès-France's repeated warnings that France cannot fight a war without a war economy.

Rhee Loses Ground

The slow erosion of the authoritarian regime of Syngman Rhee in South Korea entered a new phase last week when his Liberal Party's share of the seats in the National Assembly fell from 64 per cent. to 52 per cent. as a result of general elections. Rhee's opponents, the Democrats – now one-third of the Assembly – stand for the breaking up of his centralised control of the police, for more press freedom and for economic reforms. They do not, as yet, dissent from Rhee's 'programme' for reunification of the country by overthrowing the Communists in the north. (The only South Korean political party to advocate peaceful reunification, the Progressives, have been suppressed and their leader imprisoned.) Nevertheless Rhee's all-out military posture, under US direction, has begun to lose its shine even for some of the President's own followers, several of whom resigned from his Cabinet last year following American promises to send atomic weapons to South Korea. Now, a withdrawal of the 350,000 Chinese troops from North Korea will be bound to sow further doubts about the wisdom of Rhee's uncompromising opposition to reunification through agreement. The day when a South Korean leadership begins to show interest in the proposal for free nationwide elections under neutral supervision recently made by Peking and North Korea may still be long delayed; but it will come. That the anti-Communist politicians who govern three-quarters of the Korean population should fear free elections in competition with Communists ruling only a quarter will eventually be seen by everybody as ludicrous.

Peking Polemic

The Chinese Communists have now delivered a much more fierce polemic against Yugoslav 'revisionism' than the criticism made by the Soviet journal *Kommunist* before the Yugoslav party congress. The Russians, presumably, had hoped that their pressure would make the Yugoslavs recant some of the most 'unacceptable' propositions in their Draft Programme. Now that it has been returned to the drafting commission for amendment the Chinese are keeping up the pressure. There are two points in the article in the Peking *People's Daily* which will cause serious concern in Belgrade. The first is the reference to the 'basically correct' Cominform resolution which denounced Tito in 1948, and the second is the appeal – also reminiscent of 1948 – to the Yugoslav party over the heads of the 'malicious slanderers' in its leadership. Tito and his colleagues are accused of producing a programme which 'fits in exactly with what the imperialists need', of 'wild attempts to induce the working class to take the road of surrender to capitalism', of 'bourgeois nationalism' and of 'beautifying capitalism'. This is old-style orthodoxy, of a kind that Mao Tse-tung himself condemned a year or so ago, and it contrasts strongly with the support given by the Chinese to the Poles when they had their crisis in 1956. The campaign against the Yugoslavs suggests that Krushchev and Mao are still having difficulties with revisionists within the 'Socialist camp' that are forcing them to seek, as Stalin sought, a link between revisionism and imperialism by way of the Yugoslavs.

Apology to Subscribers

We apologise to subscribers in London for the late arrival of their copies again last week. This delay is due entirely to the go-slow in the Post Office.

Welensky and the Labour Party

Nothing could illustrate more clearly the bottomless gulf which separates federation supporters in Central Africa from liberal opinion in this country than Sir Roy Welensky's outburst against the Labour Party last week. The federal Prime Minister denied that the Labour Party has always been willing to make federation work, provided it is based on genuine partnership, and accused the party of preventing the African people of the Federation from co-operating. This statement once more exposes the fact that the federal leaders have no conception of what most people in this country would call the development of a genuine democratic society. The Labour Party has concentrated on the principle of regarding people as individual human beings with an equal claim on political rights regardless of their race. The federal leaders cannot see that this is the only valid interpretation of racial partnership. In spite of their denials of racialism, they continually reveal the fact that the majority of European inhabitants of Central Africa will not countenance the prospect of Africans entering the political scene on equal terms. An equally important point in Sir Roy's speech was his denial that a pledge was ever given that Dominion status would not be conceded until the inhabitants desired it. Yet the preamble to the constitution lays it down that full membership of the Commonwealth will be attained 'when those inhabitants so desire'.

Two Fabian Pamphlets

Sir Roy Welensky's diatribes justify all the warnings given by Miss Rita Hinden in her excellent new pamphlet, *No Cheer for Central Africa*. (Fabian Commonwealth Bureau, 11, Dartmouth St, SW1; 3*s*. 6*d*.) After surveying the European 'strategy' over the past 15 years, even such a balanced and objective observer as Miss Hinden is driven to conclude that 'a naked struggle for power is being waged'. And she brings out vividly the extent to which European ambitions for an independent white state in Cen-

tral Africa are insidiously being achieved. Will a Labour government be strong enough to reverse this trend? Only, she believes, if Labour prepares itself now by laying down the conditions on which alone it will continue to support federation. Here her proposals tally closely with those in the party's own statement and this should warn Sir Roy how strongly and unitedly the Labour Party now feels on this question. All this is in sharp contrast with the developments in the Caribbean where federation has now been officially launched by Princess Margaret. Mr John Hatch, who visited the West Indies last year as Commonwealth Officer of the Labour Party, has written a useful background document to the problems of the new nation (*Dwell Together in Unity*; Fabian Society; 3s.). While under no illusions as to the difficulties which lie ahead, he believes the Caribbean Federation will become 'really significant in world affairs' by proving that people of many races can co-operate on the basis of mutual respect and equal rights.

Modernising the Co-op

Though some Co-operative societies have kept in line with the changes in retailing since the war, the majority have not: even the trading advantage that they gain from the dividend has not enabled them to do more than maintain the same share of retail trade that they had before the war – about 11 per cent. There is, indeed, some evidence that with full employment, a substantial part of the working-class has been 'shopping up' from the Co-op to the multiple stores. Groceries remain the staple commodities of Co-op trading, but for clothing, electrical goods, and furnishing, a majority of the 'grocery Co-operators' seem to go to private firms rather than to the Co-op. This is only one of the defects of which active Co-operators have been aware; others are the number of small shops, lack of sufficient working capital, the failure to use some of the CWS factories to capacity, and the movement's inability in its present form – despite centralised buying schemes – to get full benefit from its size. The independent commission, led by Mr Gaitskell, has now completed a careful review of Co-op organisation and methods, and its main proposals make sense in terms of trading policy. It wishes to see the 1,000-odd societies amalgamated into a maximum of 300, to secure rather more money for investment even if dividends have to be cut, to promote new chains of specialist shops to compete with the multiple stores, and to ensure that there is better paid and higher quality professional management. Even if these proposals are endorsed in broad outline by the Co-operative Congress, it will clearly take some time to apply them. They are likely, moreover, to run into some opposition by those who fear that however technically sound they may be they will in fact limit the democratic control which is the essence of co-operation. Is the Co-operative movement still considered a means towards social transformation or is it to become merely a cut-price trading concern?

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Abdullah's Arrest

An Indian Correspondent writes: Sheikh Abdullah's re-arrest, under the Preventive Detention Act, is thought by some to have been inevitable; by others, it is considered ill-timed and unwise. But public reaction on the whole has tended to be phlegmatic. The news was largely submerged in the strong current of feeling aroused by Mr Nehru's declared intention to step down from the Premiership. Now that he has reversed his intention, the news from Kashmir will doubtless be discussed, as calmly and objectively as such an emotionally charged topic can be discussed. The reasons given by a spokesman of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed are that the Sheikh 'tried to rouse the passions of the people so as to create disorder and lawlessness in the state'; that he 'unleashed a campaign of hatred and vilification against other political parties working in the state'; and that he harboured declared criminals in his residence.

About a fortnight or so ago, in course of a speech well displayed in Delhi newspapers, the Sheikh had indicated that defiance of law did not form part of his 'programme of action'. He specifically reminded his listeners that there was a ban on political meetings and processions in the state, and advised them to refrain from raising political slogans. Organisers of the Plebiscite Front, which is said to be working under Sheikh Abdullah's guidance though he is not formally connected with it, put up posters everywhere in Srinagar appealing to the people not to be provoked into political violence.

In a letter reportedly written to Mr Nehru (a copy of which was supplied by the Sheikh or his associates to the correspondent of the *New York Times*), the Sheikh is said to have told him that he was silently watching things 'to know for myself how Indian democracy is functioning in that part of the state which is predominantly Muslim'. He added that 'the only fair and just way of ending this ten-year-old dispute (over Kashmir) is by conceding the right of self-determination to the people of Kashmir'. He does not seem to have suggested a plebiscite, or offered an alternative way to know the people's will.

Mr Nehru is reported to have been considerably disturbed over the Sheikh's arrest, though he appears to have remarked in a letter in reply to one from the Kashmiri Association of Europe that the Sheikh was treading 'a wrong and dangerous path'. But, as the Home Minister, Mr Pant, said recently in connection with scandalous happenings in another state, Orissa, the central government is not empowered to interfere in a state's internal affairs. The Sheikh's arrest is considered to be within Kashmir's jurisdiction. On this ground, the Speaker disallowed an adjournment motion tabled in the Lok Sabha after the arrest. However, after the request made to the Prime Minister by the opposition members, the arrest and its national and international consequences *may* after all be discussed – though the session is to end in a few days.

NEXT WEEK

The Limited War

An authoritative article, discussing the theory of the graduated deterrent, by

Professor P. M. S. Blackett

Westminster

Twenty-five Words

Mr Iain Macleod succeeded this week in making the worst speech I have ever heard in the House of Commons. It consisted of 25 words:

> 'I regret that the union did not accept the unanimous award of the Industrial Court and, as the House knows, the strike started last night.'

This speech, made in reply to Mr Alfred Robens's request for information, put the whole of the blame for the bus strike on the Transport and General Workers' Union; it excluded any hint that the government would try to achieve a settlement; and its terse wording, as well as the brusque manner of its delivery, lent colour to Opposition suspicions.

Mounting dissatisfaction on the Labour benches with Macleod's recent performances burst into flame on Monday afternoon when he delivered his off-hand, unfeeling, 25-word arrogance. For a moment, some of the anger was diverted to the Speaker, who rejected a demand for an immediate discussion on the grounds that the specific subject for discussion – the Minister's refusal to intervene – was not urgent; but it soon reverted to the proper target. Even before Thursday's debate, it was easy to predict that the House of Commons was heading straight for a period of bitterness such as it has not known since the Suez crisis.

What is in the government's mind? Labour is now convinced first of all that, having failed to bring down prices in the private sector of industry by its financial measures, the government is now concentrating on the public sector. It has cut investment there and is now going out after wages. Secondly, having failed by other means to secure the 'required' level of ordinary unemployment – and hence a drop in consumption – it is attempting to produce frictional unemployment. Thirdly, it is using a tough line with the unions as a means of reviving the interest of supporters who in recent by-elections have been staying away from the polls in large numbers.

It is true to say that some experienced trade unionists among Labour MPs criticise Frank Cousins' tactics. How is it, they ask, that he has allowed himself to be manoeuvred into a bus strike without making sure that workers on the Underground would be out too? Some are inclined to revive old criticisms of the structure of the T and GW – that it tries to cater for too many diverse interests. A few even criticise Cousins for listening to the views of his members. 'Ernie Bevin and Arthur Deakin would not have dreamed of doing such a thing', they say.

But even his critics are convinced that Cousins did not want a strike, that, within the limits of the democracy he is now encouraging in his union, he did his best to prevent it and that, to that end, he was even prepared to jeopardise his own position by his spread-over offer. They are also convinced that the government has not only failed to do what it could have done towards preventing a strike but has gone a considerable way towards provoking it.

So, instead of the strike being a substantial trump card for the Conservative party, as some people thought it was at the beginning of the week, it is now being considered as a possible boomerang which will twirl back to give Mr Macmillan a sharp and final blow. Certainly the strike, which Labour leaders have tried to avoid at almost any cost, has already put life into what hitherto has been a curiously quiescent Opposition, and whatever happens to it in the country,

the government is likely to find existence in the House of Commons increasingly uncomfortable.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

On the Buswagon

IT is unlikely to have come as much of a surprise to the London busmen – and certainly not to their leaders – that most of the national press is solidly against them. Only the *Daily Herald* ('They don't WANT to be on strike. They have been forced out only because it is proposed to CUT the real wages of the lowest paid workers by giving them NOTHING to meet higher rents and dearer living costs imposed by government policy'), *Reynolds News* ('The London bus strike has been deliberately allowed to happen . . . because the busmen have been chosen as politically the least dangerous section of the workers with which to have a showdown'), and the *Daily Worker* have been unequivocally on their side. The *Daily Mirror* kept a rather curious editorial silence for several days while the rest of the press expressed opinions loudly. It broke it on Tuesday. But only to defend workers' right to strike and an employer's 'equal right to resist'. It has not so far stated specifically whether it supports the busmen's actual case or not, although it told its readers that Frank Cousins had done his best to avoid a strike and urged Mr Macleod to intervene. Among the rest of the press only the *Observer* showed any direct sympathy for the busmen ('The busmen have a genuine case in asking for a rise in wages to compensate for the rise in the cost of living'). But it balanced this with an equal sympathy for the government ('To grant the busmen's claim now might easily start the whole inflationary process off again.

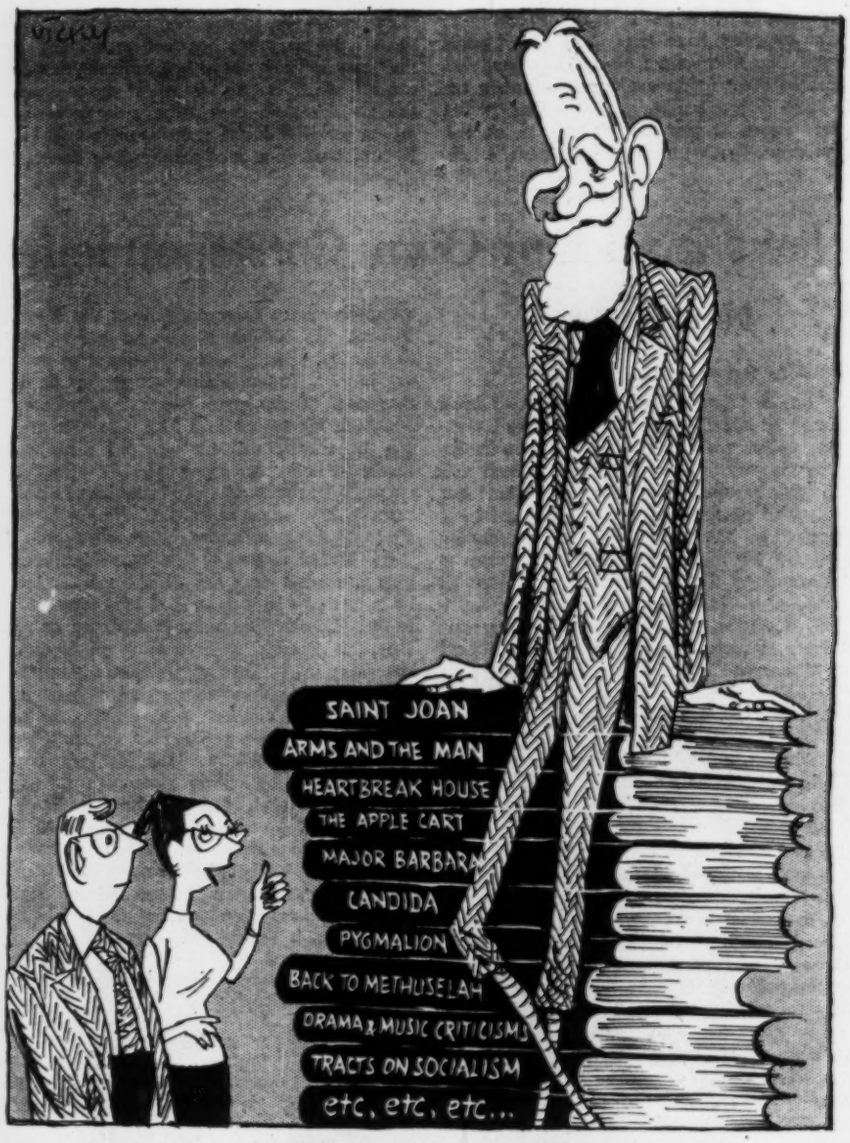
From the 'heavies' at one end of the line to the 'populars' at the other, the rest of the press has been united against the busmen – although with interesting variations.

The heaviest guns were fired by the *Manchester Guardian*. After declaring before the strike began that the London busmen had been offered 'a substantial concession' which was being rejected for a principle (that of the 'all round wage increase') that 'has done great harm during and since the war both to industry and to trade unionism', on Tuesday it denounced the strike in formidable terms as 'against the interests of every bus worker in the country for it is an attempt to perpetuate an out-dated system of wage bargaining. . . .' It derided the 'much propagated idea' that the strike had 'come about because the Conservative government is spoiling for what it called a "showdown" with organised labour' and argued that although in the early stages it had been 'unimaginative and silly', it has since behaved perfectly properly in refusing to 'buy industrial peace for an impossible price'. The *Mail* used even more resounding terms in condemning the strike. According to its leading article, 'the real issue is the solvency of the country. The result will determine whether the hard won economic gains of the past eight months are to be retained or whether they are all to be blown away again in another inflation'. The *Telegraph*, though condemnatory, was milder. It recognised that 'important principles are at stake on both sides of the dispute'.

Elsewhere the desire to 'cut Cousins down to size' reported by a number of industrial correspondents as existing in several quarters was more manifest. *The Times* argued in its superior way that 'something must be attributed to Mr Cousins' lack of experience in handling situations of this complexity', and added 'unhappily the strike must be allowed to run its course until the lack of wisdom of the leaders . . . becomes clearer to the strikers.' 'If Mr Cousins had exercised proper leadership this unnecessary stoppage might well have been averted', whooped the *Daily Express*. It marked, it declared, 'his biggest defeat as a trade union leader. . . . Instead of controlling events he was controlled by them'. The *Sketch* ('Showdown Strike') told its readers: 'Already Frank Cousins has lost something in stature. The mere fact of the strike going forward is for him an admission of failure.' But it accused Sir John Elliot of being 'stiff necked' too. Such personalities were not for the *News Chronicle*. As tends to be its nature these days, it stuck safely to broad principles and the soothing word. 'The London bus strike is on. The sooner it is over the better but a settlement at any price will not do. . . . There is none the less wide sympathy for the busmen. . . . It is in the interests of everybody but the tiny majority of trouble makers and wreckers to keep cool'.

It was left to the *Sunday Times* to try to turn the strike into an argument for the break-up of the Transport and General Workers Union. 'There is little doubt', it declared, 'that if the London busmen had a union of their own the dispute could have been settled on terms that would have satisfied them.' The motive for the strike, it announced, 'lies in the source of his (Mr Cousins') power. If the Transport and General Workers Union with its multifarious units ceases to cohere his great-power status at the trade union summit will be undermined. . . . It is for the sake of the internal politics of the union that the London public – and the London busmen – are made to suffer'. By Tuesday the *Daily Express* had evidently come to the conclusion that the *Sunday Times*' line was too good to ignore. The real reason why 'the public suffers', it now told its readers, is 'that trade unions are too big for their members', adding pointedly 'The Transport and General Workers Union has 1,300,000 members of whom the London busmen are less than one in twenty'. 'How much better off', it concluded, with a small throb in its voice for the plight of the poor busmen, 'is the trade unionist with his own advocate in his own case.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



'At last the old guy's written something that'll live.'

The Busmen's Case

As we write not a single bus has plied for hire in the greater London area since three minutes past 12 last Monday morning. Yet there is no evidence that the business of London has been gravely disrupted. The trains are fuller – and slower. The private motorist hopefully picks up typists at the bus stops. A large number of overweight gentlemen are obliged to walk across London Bridge, and office hours are 'staggered' – the official euphemism for starting work late and finishing early. Otherwise business is as usual.

And this is the measure of tactical weakness in the busmen's position. Undoubtedly Mr Cousins was out-smarted by the government when he was trapped into leading out his men before the three railway unions – and therefore the London Underground staffs – had made their minds up whether to strike or not. Indeed, one of the commonest complaints against the strikers comes from moderate-minded people who do not automatically side against the workers in an industrial dispute; it is that the busmen's cause is hopeless, that 'they can't win'. Perhaps they can't. But this complaint is largely irrelevant.

Of course there is more point in a strike if it can be launched from such a strong tactical position that it ends in quick victory. But union leaders have to do the best they can against the combined forces of the Establishment and they sometimes reach the point where they have to choose between striking against odds or surrendering without a fight. This was Mr Cousins' position last week. Had he accepted the award of the arbitration tribunal, he would have utterly discredited the Transport and General Workers Union in the eyes of its rank and file; he would have accepted a division in his own ranks which was contrived entirely to suit the convenience of the employers; and he would have shown the government that it could intensify its pressures on the unions without expecting trouble or resistance. Win or lose, he had little choice. Nor should it be assumed that a short-term tactical loss is necessarily without long-term advantage. Few occasions could have been more humiliating to the London busmen than their return to work after the strike of 1937. Yet this was followed by new agreements with the London Passenger Transport Board which have lasted by and large for 20 years and which would never have been secured without the strike.

But, continue those moderate-minded people who side against the workers only after much thought, why *shouldn't* Cousins have accepted the findings of the tribunal? He may not have liked them, but they were at least impartial. Once again, the question must be answered in its wider context. The discrimination in the award between the central London bus crews (who were offered an increase) and all the rest of the London bus employees (who were not) infringes one of the articles of trade union faith – that you don't settle to the advantage of one section of the men you represent at the expense of the others.

There is more than this, however, behind the hostility which the tribunal has aroused. The government's repeated injunctions on wages, particularly in the nationalised industries, coupled with its general advice to industrial arbitrators that they must take account of its interpretation of the economic situation – i.e. the Cohen Report – have put shackles on free negotiation and gravely undermined the faith of organised labour in the impartiality of arbitration. For the first time the unions see facing them across the table a corporate spectre of government, employers and arbitrators.

Supposing all this to be true, conclude those moderate-minded people, who are always moved by sorrow rather than anger when they finally take sides against the workers, may it not still be inevitable? After all, there is a limit to what any of us can take out of the national kitty; and the government simply has to impose some limitation on uncontrolled wage demands which are the cause of inflation. But it is becoming increasingly clear that wage demands have not, in the last couple of years, been the decisive factor in our economy. At a time when considerable areas of productive capacity are under-employed as they now are, it is nonsense to pretend that we are suffering from the conventional 'demand inflation' which was associated with the overloaded economy of the early post-war years. This, however, is a secondary point. The real fallacy is the failure to observe the change which this government has made in the planned economy it inherited in 1951. The whole point of Labour's economic policy, inadequate though it proved at certain points, was that wages, dividends and investment were all seen as part of a plan. Moreover, the emphasis was put on productive investment. So appeals for moderation on the part of industrial workers were made in the knowledge that wage restraint was a direct factor in the rapid expansion of the wealth of Britain and that full employment, and with it the economic power of Labour, was assured.

That plan is today a memory. There is now no plan for either dividends or investment; the productive growth of Britain is stagnant; the labour force is already substantially less fully employed; and, with an American recession in the offing, the prospects begin to look bad for the unions. It is against this economic background that the government seeks to impose its plan on one sector of the economy only – the wage front: wage claims are to be controlled by every means open to the government, while dividends and profits are encouraged to rip, while productive investment is allowed to fall away, while the economic bastion of full employment is being eroded. Is it any wonder that trade unionists, who are reasonable political animals just like the moderate-minded people who criticise them, are coming to the conclusion that they must run risks to fight for a reasonable place in society while they still have the strength to fight with?

The Twilight of Franco's Spain

The tiny station of the *Compañia de los Ferrocarriles Vascongados* in San Sebastian was like a stage set for the eternal tragedy of Spain. The ticket office was firmly shut and bolted. A bedraggled Civil Guard barred the entrance to the platform. Three old widows sat on the bench. A blind old man was trying to sell lottery tickets to two soldiers, engaged in dividing a piece of bread with a bayonet. On the wall was a command from the Catholic and Social State: 'Mind What You Say. The Law Forbids Blasphemy'. As always in a Spanish railway station, I had the feeling that the train would probably never arrive and that, even if it did, only relatives and personal friends of the stationmaster would be allowed to get on it. It was my first visit to Spain since 1953; as I glanced around that station, I told myself sadly that nothing had changed, that nothing ever would change in Spain. Franco, who last week-end celebrated the 19th anniversary of the defeat of the Republic, would live as long as Adenauer and die snugly in his bed in the El Pardo Palace.

But I was wrong. Spain is changing fast, and the regime is living its last days. I caught a hint of the new mood as soon as I opened the morning papers in Bilbao. On my last visit also, France had been without a government, and the Spanish papers had published unanimously sanctimonious editorials, descanting on the futilities and follies of democracy and congratulating Spain for choosing a system which had brought order and stability. This time, the news from Paris was reported simply, sympathetically and without comment. Last time, too, I met many people who sang the praises of the regime; indeed, I remember in 1951 arguing with university students in Granada who spoke of Franco with the same passion and idealism which young Arab nationalists lavish on Nasser. Now, everyone agrees that the regime has been a total failure; and they are beginning to say so, openly, and even to strangers like myself. 'There are only two good things about Franco,' a hotel manager told me. 'One, he is old. Two, he is sick.' And the bitterness is greatest precisely among those who once believed in him. An official of one of the 'corporate' unions told me: 'We have had two decades of authoritarian rule and international isolation. I and thousands of Falangists like me have sweated our guts out for Franco. Yet what have we got to show for it? *Nada*.' And he spat, with superb timing and accuracy, into an ornate brass spittoon, which stood under the portrait of El Caudillo.

For years, Franco balanced and shuffled the various interest groups which keep him in power. With considerable skill he managed to satisfy at least some people some of the time. In 1945, he replaced the most extreme Fascist elements in the government by 'respectable' Catholics, and was thus able to cash in neatly on the mood of national unity which responded to the clumsy attempt to blacklist Spain internationally. In 1951, the blacklisting having failed, he reshuffled his government again and launched into a phase of rapid industrialisation, ploughing back (in theory at least) up to 20 per cent. of national income into investment. But this was his first major error. Right-wing dictatorships, as Salazar shrewdly realises, can thrive only against an economic background of stagnation and deflation. But Franco wanted glory as well as power. He put money into mining and shipbuilding, into railways, chemicals and hydro-electric power. From 1951 to 1955, the budget rose, in absolute value, by 46 per cent., while industrial production rose by a mere 17.7 per cent. This meant printing more paper. From 1953, too, came the flood of dollars from America: nearly $700 million in Economic and Defence aid. Some went into productive investment; most into imported luxuries, cars, cosmetics, radios, refrigerators – or simply into the bank accounts of the thousands of officials through whose hands it passed. In 1955, the cost of living index (base 100 in 1936) jumped to 642; by 1956 it was 706; by 1957, 792. The wage increases granted in 1956 were quickly absorbed as prices climbed upwards.

In February 1957, Franco took emergency action and reshuffled his government once again. For some time he had been worried by the growing power of the *Opus Dei* movement, voicing criticisms of the regime in public and private.

Now, he handed them three key posts, including the Ministry of Commerce, and gave them the dirty job of carrying out a sharp deflationary policy. The government had already ordered a total wage freeze in October 1956. Now came the task of enforcing it, if necessary by imposing lock-outs (as last month) against the wishes of both employers and labour. Imports were cut drastically, credit rates raised, investment funds erased totally from the 1958 budget.

Hence the Franco 'boom', like the Butler boom, ended in stagnation and industrial unrest, and led to a corresponding drift away of the regime's most faithful supporters. At the end of last month, the Bilbao stock exchange index, still falling, stood as 318.81, against 480.4 in February 1957; meanwhile, real industrial wages have dropped by 20 per cent. Moreover, Franco made two additional mistakes. He was mad to think he could out-manœuvre the Church by saddling it with unpopular policies. After the formation of the new government, the Hierarchy promptly dropped *Opus Dei* like a hot brick, and transferred its support to the highly critical Catholic Action movement. It was Franco who found himself saddled with hollow men. Secondly, he was optimistic in thinking his deflationary policies would work. His regime simply does not possess either the techniques or the machinery to carry out fundamental changes in economic policy. Guns can enforce a wage-freeze but they cannot stop prices from rising. The inflation has continued, more rapidly than before. In 1957, food prices rose by 30 per cent., transport from 35 to 80 per cent., wine by 100 per cent.

The result is a crisis which in some areas approaches the magnitude of a famine. Last month, there were strikes in Barcelona, Bilbao and Asturias, where the miners work up to 14 hours a day in the battle to keep pace with living costs. In Madrid there are no potatoes. In many places, workers have stopped drinking wine. In La Mancha, a friend who was there last month told me that the peasants are living on lentils: a pound of meat represents two days' wages.

In fact the Franco myth has been demolished by the most solid of certitudes: the physical evidence of failure. Living standards, taking 1936 as 100, have dropped to 61 (agricultural workers), 66 (metal workers), 82 (building), 85 (textiles), and 91 (miners). According to a report by the Bank of Bilbao, per capita consumption of sugar has fallen from 25.3lb in 1932 to 20.68lb; similar figures could be quoted for meat, bread and vegetables. Perhaps the most staggering index of all, not merely of growing poverty but of the cultural policies of the regime, is that the per capita consumption of paper – which in most countries has more than doubled since the war – has in Spain suffered a net decrease, from 1.2 kilos in 1935 to 0.9 kilos (against 14.4 kilos for the UK).

Housing? Spain is short of over 1 million units, and the creeping shanty towns which cluster round Madrid rival even Salazar's carefully concealed nests of misery. Transport? Spain has two vehicles per kilometre of road, against a European average of 7. Roads? A fortnight ago, the Director General of Highways, in an interview with the Monarchist *ABC*, confessed that the system was totally inadequate and that Spain's annual spending per kilometre of road was less than half that of neighbouring Portugal. Education? There are over 4 million adult illiterates.

Abroad, Franco has been no more successful. The Americans, true, have invested heavily in Spain: more than $1,000 million have gone on the three huge bomber bases (including Torrejon, near Madrid, SAC's largest outside the United States) and the oil pipeline which links them to the US naval base in Cadiz. To this extent, therefore, Franco feels protected against a *coup* from the left – indeed, the 200 Sabre-jets the Americans have given him make this unlikely. But he must know that they are increasingly anxious for him to go, provided the transition is smooth. Elsewhere, the record of failure is even darker. His Arab policy, based upon the assumption that by playing against the French he could stay in Morocco, collapsed ignominiously. Franco left Tetuan, he has just surrendered another slice of territory north of Rio de Oro; Ifni, Ceuta, Mellila will be next. The Army, always his best and strongest support, at last feels bitter and betrayed.

Most observers in Madrid agree that Franco has now made up his mind to go, rather than risk the final ignominy of a Mussolini or a Peron. Salazar has already offered him a comfortable palace in Madeira. But when to go, and how? Franco has trained no successor, and in any case no ordinary man could hold this ramshackle regime together. His own wish is to retire in favour of Don Carlos, the Pretender's son, who has been brought up in the traditions of the regime. But the Monarchists do not want Don Carlos; they want his father, Don Juan, and they now believe their hand is strong enough to settle for nothing less. The recent visits paid to Juan by Castiella, the Foreign Minister, and Carmen, Franco's daughter, seems to suggest that Franco may now be prepared to give in to them. But it is no easy matter to restore a monarchy in this day and age. It is one thing to start redecorating the vast Palace of the Orient in Madrid; it is quite another to give Juan and his friends effective and lasting power. Juan himself dreams of a liberal monarchy; but the ideas of some of his would-be courtiers date from the 18th century. Wildly optimistic about the future, confident that their allies in the Army can, if the worst comes to the worst, impose a monarchist solution, they have made little effort to construct a mass-based political organisation and are thinking more in terms of court balls than ballot boxes. But the Falange, or what is left of it, will never – so they say – accept Don Juan without a fight; and they count of security police among their allies.

Meanwhile, Franco's one-time supporters are taking out insurance policies against the future. Convinced that change is imminent, two main groups – embryonic political parties – are beginning to emerge. On one side are the Catholics, planning a broad-based Christian Democrat centre party, which could hope to fight and win an election. Their future Adenauer or De Gasperi is Martin Artajo, until last year Franco's foreign minister. Their policy is democracy – limited at first – and stability. Fearing a repetition of 1835, 1909 and 1936 – burnt churches, confiscations, massacres of priests and nuns – they are now busily trying to dissociate themselves from the regime. The burying of *Opus Dei* was one aspect of this operation. More important, however, are the now frequent attacks on the government delivered by clerical spokesmen. Until recently, this was left to a few progressive clerics: Bishop Tarancon of Solsona, the 'slum Jesuit', Father Llanos, another able and courageous Jesuit, Father Diez Alegria, and, above all, Bishop Angel Herrara of Malaga, the first Director of Catholic Action. Now, however, they have been joined by the loftiest pillars of the clerical Establishment, including the Cardinal Primate, Pla y Deniel, Archbishop of Toledo. Last week, at a top level meeting of Catholic Action, His Eminence delivered a powerful attack on the government's wage policy and demanded 'a greater share for the workers in the shaping of the laws which affect their lives'. Behind these words lies a planned policy of political preparation. Bishops have been instructed to appear as little as possible in public with ministers and officials. The 'social' encyclicals have been rediscovered. Catholic Action is being organised on the lines of a political party, ready to come into the open when the ban on parties is lifted. Catholic workers' groups are being formed as the nucleus of a Demochristian trade union movement.

But others are preparing too. Around the regime's trades union organisation another party is beginning to form: leftish, progressive, semi-authoritarian in outlook. Its leaders are salaried officials of the regime, but they now detest Franco for his failures and his betrayal of the Falange. They are bitterly anti-monarchical and tinged, too, with latent anti-clericalism – which the recent Catholic 'invasion' of the trades union field has brought to the surface. Their mouthpiece, *Pueblo*, is, under the able direction of Emilio Romero, Madrid's liveliest and most outspoken daily, tripling its circulation in the past year. As the Catholics look to Adenauer, so they look to Peron, envisaging a vast workers' party built around the unions and capable, if necessary, of winning a free election: and they already have a leader – Giron, Franco's ex-Minister of Labour. In creating the corporative unions, Franco hoped to divert working-class political energy into safe channels; instead, he has allowed a Trojan Horse to enter the citadel of the regime. For a union, even if run on Fascist lines, inevitably generates a spirit of class consciousness and, more important, supplies an organisation which, when the day comes, can translate this spirit into political action. Already, the unions are unreliable, and at the lower levels of their hierarchies of officials – which have been penetrated by cells of ex-Republican unionists – opposition is open and violent: one of the leaders of the recent strike of Asturian miners, for instance, was himself a Fascist shop-steward.

Faced with these emergent forces, realising that some move on his part is both inevitable and urgent, Franco's dilemma is acute. Should he hand over to a monarch without an intermediate stage, and risk physical opposition on the part of the Falange? Or should he legalise political parties first and so jeopardise the whole concept of the Restoration? Besides, as he well knows, there is a fourth party in Spain: the Republicans. Can anyone reasonably expect them to remain passively in the background and meekly accept a choice between an Adenauer, a Peron or a monarch? There are, after all, the memories of a million dead, of 12,000 political murders, of current persecution and misery. Artajo, Giron, the leading monarchists – all are deeply involved in the record of the regime. Nobody wants another civil war, but the past cannot simply be wiped out. It is this fourth factor which makes each of Franco's alternative equations insoluble.

Last week I walked round the Escorial, that isolated and gloomy palace-monastery, *'dura, inflexible, rigida y austera'*, where the tragic Philip II spent his last years brooding on his sorrows and failures. Was his position, I reflected, very different from that of the lonely old general in the El Pardo, as he toys with his political jigsaw, vainly seeking the missing piece which will complete the picture? Yes, I concluded, there was a difference. For to Philip, contemplating eternity as he gazed down on the endless, barren plain, time meant nothing. But to Franco, time is all: his last asset, and one which measurably diminishes as the summer days lengthen.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

LONDON streets looked odd on Monday morning without the buses. At first I thought it was merely colour that was missing – those big blobs of red and patches of eye-catching advertisements. Then I realised that the traffic was the wrong shape; it was, in fact, only one storey high. You could see the length of Oxford Street above the jammed line of cars and taxis, and all at once the perspective was different. By Wednesday people must have had a similar jolt of feeling about the strike itself. A quiet dispute of ordinary and measurable proportions between Frank Cousins and London Transport changed its form. The TUC decided to give its full backing to the busmen, and the leaders of the railway unions began to talk as if they too might soon be out. On Wednesday night I noticed the first omen of real crisis. At a local garage 20 cars were queueing to fill their tanks to the brim.

* * *

Mr Dennis Potter, the editor of *Isis*, and the author of the admirably controversial article about Oxford which we published last week, is, I understand, opening a fund for the defence of William Miller and Paul Thompson, who are shortly to be charged with breach of the Official Secrets Act. They are said to have supplied information, of a kind which the services think should not have been divulged, for the valuable H-bomb issue of *Isis* which appeared on 26 February 1958. I've just looked up the article in question, and can well imagine that it was annoying to the authorities, but not that it told any foreign power what it did not already know. But then the Official Secrets Act has usually been used rather to withhold information from the British public than from a potential enemy power. I don't know either Mr Miller or Mr Thompson, but I'm told that one of them is a member of the increasingly pacifist wing of the Labour Party and the other even less far to the left. They are now being recalled by the Admiralty for reserve training. Since this sounds a bit vindictive, just on the eve of their final examinations, I'm relieved to hear that the Army Act does not permit them to be court-martialled for the same offence after a trial in the civilian courts. To keep their heads clear for their exam must present them with quite a problem when they are waiting another kind of examination at Bow Street. They will need a substantial sum to meet the expenses of their defence. There is, of course, the usual smear, suggested by police inquiries and fostered by the *Daily Sketch*, that they must really be Communists, but the only serious comments that have come my way in the press and elsewhere have been to the effect that the authorities are being singularly foolish, not to say rather childishly petulant, in giving so much publicity to an article which would otherwise have passed largely unnoticed by the public.

* * *

There were two elements mixed up in the row about the nomination at St Helens – and some of the comments have further confused them. One was the desire of some trade union leaders to nobble the seat and to keep Tom Driberg out of it. But that seems to have had very little effect on the curious affair of the short-listing, despite an ill-informed article by Anthony Howard in *Reynolds*. He suggested that it was purely the local party's desire for the money that a sponsored trade union candidate would bring in that ensured that all the candidates on the short-list were trade union nominees. But, in fact, two of them were unsponsored, which destroys the whole of his elaborate argument. That raises the other aspect of this affair – the attempt by a Catholic group to nobble the seat. I note that the party agent, Alderman Hughes, resigned in protest against 'religious discrimination' in the way the local executive drew up the short-list and that the St Helen's *Reporter* stated that before he would withdraw his resignation he would insist that 'there must be some fundamental changes in the organisation of the local party'. Among other things that upset him, it seems, was a plan to oppose the re-election of non-Catholic aldermen later this year. The final choice of Sir Hartley's successor fell on the railwaymen's nominee, Mr Spriggs, who is, as I remarked, a Protestant. Though the Catholics have a majority on the executive which did the short-listing, they can be outvoted at a full meeting of the Trades and Labour Council if the non-Catholics vote as a block. This is what happened – and it makes the intrigue about the short-list look futile as well as squalid. It could only have worked if all non-Catholics had been excluded from the selection conference.

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Two correspondents were misled by my phrase about 'a small group of neo-Trotskyist irreconcilables' interrupting Mr Bevan. One of them thinks I used it as a term of abuse – a thing I should never do. The other asks me to explain its meaning. In fact I used it in the most precise possible way: (1) 'Trotskyist' means a revolutionary Marxist who holds anti-Stalinist views similar to those of the late Leo Trotsky. (2) 'Neo', because the organised party which acknowledged Trotsky as its leader was formally dissolved. (3) 'Irreconcilables' because when this Trotskyist organisation was dissolved, some of its members joined the Labour Party not because they were prepared to agree with it but to get a propaganda platform inside it. Members of this group deliberately took up positions in different parts of the hall in order to create the impression of numbers. One correspondent also so far misunderstood me as to ask whether I objected to slogans, and whether there was not in fact always serious argument at meetings organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Of course there is. Those that I have seen have been serious, reasonable and unemotional, and concerned for the preservation of England and the world. My objection was to turning a Labour Party conference intended for discussion of policy into an irrelevant shouting match.

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Mr Basil Dean suggests, with a pleasing irony, that it's time the Lord's Day Observance Society had a go at the BBC and the ITA, for their 'flagrant disregard of the statute which prohibits the employment of actors in costume and make-up on Sundays'. But there are two odd things, I'm told, about the legality of Sunday television plays and music. First, they are not controlled by the Sunday Observance Act of 1780, because no one pays any money for admission to 'any house, room, or other place': the audience on the spot is an invited audience, as the BBC has for years been careful to say in its Sunday concert announcements. (In *Sunday Night at the Palladium*, which holds twelve million viewers and which makes even church-goers restive under any sermon that looks like making them late home, Tommy Trinder sometimes yells to his captive admirers that they needn't put on airs, because everyone knows they've got in free.) Secondly, the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932, under which local authorities make their daft regulations about funny hats and false noses, only applies where the 1780 Act applies. To give the Lord's Day Observance Society its due, although nothing on the scale of Sunday TV has ever happened before to make its work look so ridiculous, it sticks rigidly to the law as it stands, accepting Sunday TV rather as one might accept a very large illegitimate baby.

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While John Lawrence and his friends were hoisting the Red Flag over St Pancras town hall, a friend was making a May Day pilgrimage to another part of the borough. In Maitland Park, the LCC is tearing down a crescent of slum houses to make way for new flats – one might almost call it the expropriation of the expropriators, to borrow a phrase from the former tenant of Number 41. For this is the house in which Marx spent the last years of his life. It may have been a slightly more genteel neighbourhood in 1875, but it can never have been a very comfortable or convenient residence. Two small semi-basement rooms, two recep., four bedrooms and an attic – none of them large enough to allow Marx more than three paces in any direction. I can now understand why Henry Hyndman reported that Marx had worn an L-shaped hole in his study carpet.

CRITIC

Antichthon

'Somewhere in the universe anti-matter may exist in bulk.'

Manchester Guardian

Beyond the empyraeum lies
ANTICHTHON, moving anti-wise;
Antipathetic anti-men
Like anti-ants devolved, and then
Anti-materialism grew
In anti-me and anti-you.

And these, our counterparts, I hope,
Anti-abuse some Anti-Pope
And in abnormal ways discuss
Antalcohol anonymous
And anti-bombs and anti-strife
Endangering their anti-life.

And those who now misrepresent
Them in some Anti-parliament
Make anti-social anti-laws
To serve their own immoral cause;
For anti-civic anti-man
Is surely Antinomian.

Analphabetic, anharmonic,
Anarchical, antimnemonic,
And (though he haunts the Milky Way)
Antigalactic, I should say;
And anti-Gods of anti-nations
Pursue their several negations.

Their antidote for anti-sense
Would be an anti-conference
(An anti-climax such as this
Is anti-Summit, or Abyss)
Where Anti-Dulles, like his pals, is
Plagued by antiperistalsis.

Anaphroditic they create
Whatever they anticipate –
Such as ill-will to anti-men
And anti-peace. And really, when
You study the antidromous
These anti-men are just like us.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lord Bathurst's mother, Lady Apsley, a former Conservative M.P. for Bristol Central, was in another part of the gardens at the time. She said: 'I saw a policeman in the garden and rang for the butler'.—*Manchester Guardian.* (P. Baker.)

We have visited 40 different countries and travelled 100,000 miles. We have seen many strange and lovely cities in faraway lands, but we still think Walthamstow is the finest place in the world, and we intend living here till travelling days are done.—Letter in *Walthamstow Guardian.* (Margaret Pollak.)

Mr Hawken, chairman of the Liberal party, promised London Liberals that they would be given the chance to vote Liberal in every ward and constituency in London as soon as it was possible. They were only held back by three things: lack of money, lack of helpers, and lack of candidates.—*Manchester Guardian.* (R. L. Leonard.)

Expo 58

It opens at 10 a.m. and closes at midnight. With legs of steel, a neck of the highest-grade rubber, and the wind behind you, you can just complete the course in 28 hours dead. In the course of this marathon you must be prepared to walk dozens of kilometres and ascend and descend as many thousands of feet of stairways as would suffice to scale the Matterhorn. I would advise four days rather than two; and my next most emphatic advice would be to take plenty of money. Brussels is out to make a killing from this mammoth tourist attraction, and bids fair to do so: at the end of the first 10 days a million visitors had pressed through the turnstiles. Restaurants and cafés abound. In a middle-class café in the German Pavilion I was charged 63 francs for two coffees and one slice of *Apfelstrudl* – 9s. 2d. In a pub in the British sector called the 'Fox and Hounds' I was charged 45 francs – say 6s. 6d. – for a single measure of French vermouth. Someone should crack down on this. In another café I noted the same vermouth marked at 15 francs – just one-third of the price.

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The decorum of the opening-day ceremonial was disturbed, they tell me, by the abrupt descent among the crowd of a top-hat, fallen from a helicopter. Make what you like of this piece of symbolism (and one of the beauties of symbolism is that you *can* make what you like of it): the directive the exhibition organisers gave each participating country was to 'show something both of its past achievements and of what it hopes to achieve in the future' – a nice balance of tradition and experiment. How have the nations responded? It can be reported at once that the top-hat has definitely crashed. The overwhelming emphasis is on science, machines, technology, of which of course the Atomium is the spectacular centre-piece. Of all the bizarre shapes which are competing for attention on these 500 acres, a topper would look the oddest of all.

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One of the pleasantest surprises is the miraculous absence of litter. Are the Belgians a tidy race, or is it that they devour less packaged foods, or that the scavenging arrangements here are notably efficient? Towards closing time on Sunday – the most crowded day – fairways and courtyards were notably clean. I peered into litter-bins: they were only half-full (maybe they had been repeatedly cleared, but I never saw it happening). At any exhibition it is the things you don't notice at all – unless they are inadequate – that make for success or failure – organisational details such as signposting, telephone booths, ample circulation-space, enough lavatories, suitably sited. Here Expo 58 earns a whole row of blobs. Signposting is sparse, uncommunicative and typographically mean. Information is hard to come by. There is no simple way of identifying the work of individual architects, designers or sculptors. Transport within the grounds (though Brussels itself, road- and railway-wise, is a transformed city – a permanent asset) is confined to strings of trolleys which trundle you round the peripheries and to the two-seater *pousse-pousses* which cost 60 francs for half an hour, waiting-time included. (The cable-cars are fun to ride in but hardly a serious means of transport.) As for lavatories, they deserve an article to themselves. When you do find one – most of them being sited inside pavilions – the cost of number-one male relief is likely to be 2 francs. Add another franc for the presiding goddess, who expects it, and you emerge approximately fivepence the poorer for this elementary operation. I discovered the reason for this: the exhibition organisers have let off the lavatories as a concession at a huge figure. But even this can have its compensations. In one *toilette* I visited, the lady presiding over the gents sat four-square, her saucer of small change at her elbow, enjoying a hearty dinner to the music of the flush, and entertaining to boot a small girl and her mother dressed up to the nines in their Sunday best. A merrier little party you couldn't have wished for.

* * *

With what startling and often unintended force exhibits can reveal national psychology! If this be true, then the Yugoslavs emerge from the test clear-headed, confident, serene – everything you might expect of them, in fact, from Tito's attitude to the Kremlin. It would be absurd to try to draw up a list of national pavilions in order of merit, but in any such assessment the Yugoslav exhibit would come exceedingly near the top. It is restrained, highly selective, wholly un-strident, intensely aware of the dignity of man and of the value of tradition. Sculpture, craftwork, painting, old and new, are displayed with sure mastery of style in a deliciously cool setting of glass, lovely marbles, water and flowers. By contrast, the big disappointment is the Russian pavilion. One had hoped that their younger designers would have progressed by now from those ghastly murals and those immense, waxy statues of muscle-flexing heroes and heroines. But no: here they all are again, with Lenin towering in their midst; and after dark the whole vast barn is aglare with neon strips. No hint of subtlety, not one concession to grace. But all day long it is packed to bursting-point: everyone crowds to get a glimpse of the unknown colossus. The exhibits are indeed fascinating, in copiousness and quality; besides, here is the Sputnik, even down to the container in which they popped the little dog. But the most striking thing about this pavilion is revealing just because I feel sure it has never occurred to its creators. You might suppose that, coming to put themselves on show in the heart of the western world, the Russians would be at pains to indicate that all this talk about an iron curtain was so much western propaganda. But what do they do? They erect this vast rectangle of *opaque* glass, so that you can neither see into it from the outside nor out of it from the inside. Within it, for all its size and light, you feel you are indeed in 'the glass-house'. Instead of destroying the legend they perpetuate it! What's more, alone among pavilions, none of its captions is printed in English: French only (not Flemish either).

* * *

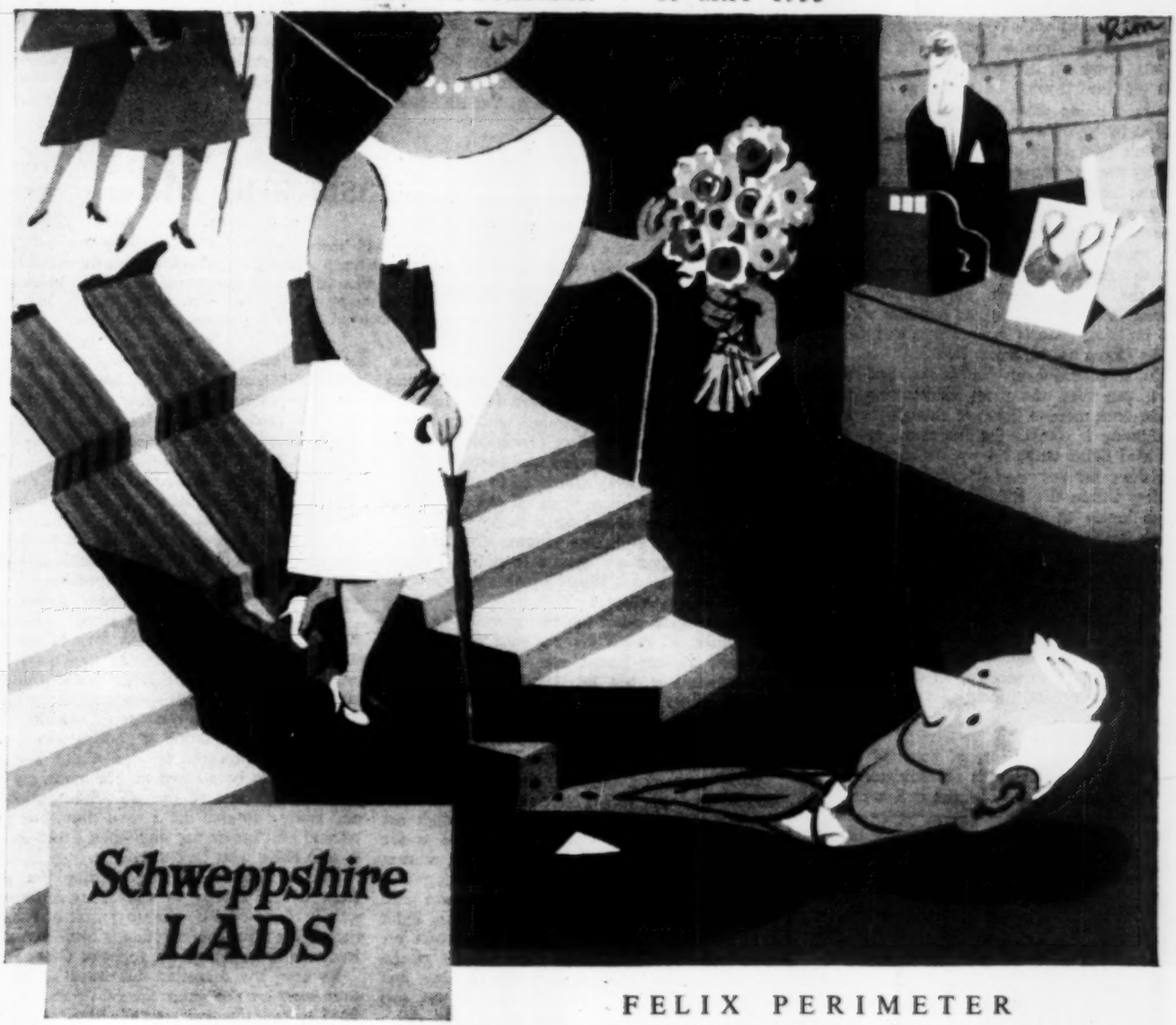
And the British show? For devoted attention to detail in display, for economy in theme and ingenuity in treatment, for logical sequence in presentation, the British government pavilion earns high marks. The Annigoni, of course, is a horror; and since the dim and lofty sanctuary to which it is the shining end-piece is deliberately ritualistic in atmosphere, its exalted presence there, as it were suspended above the high altar, is somehow faintly shocking. Beyond the main building stretch a series of intimate courtyards, full of amusing and imaginative touches. (It is time, though, to beware of suspect self-depreciation and of the cult of 'aren't we a rum lot?'. And was it really a bright idea to put a mock-up of a country-house library, essentially a closeted thing, in the open air? The day I saw it, it was under water.) Mere size is an irrelevance, and in actual fact I believe the British exhibit as a whole occupies the third largest site of any nation; I can only report that it somehow contrives to *look* rather insignificant. As for the exhibit put on by Industry, it is impossible to be kind to it. Handsome and imaginative as are quite a few of the individual stands, the general effect is over-crowded, ill-assorted, squalidly unselective—metal bedsteads jostling for position with Bovril and flavouring essences. I know all about exporting or dying; but up against some pretty distinguished competition, prestige does count. Good design could be, after all, the most valuable export of all.

* * *

Architecturally – or more strictly, engineering-wise – the most aggressively challenging pavilion of the lot is the French (open at last); particularly exciting when flood-lit. By deliberately designing a building of such complex shape they have set themselves a pretty display problem: until it is finally clear of workmen one cannot be sure whether they have solved it, in terms either of circulation or of logical sequence of exhibits, but I fear the answer is going to be no. Yet from the Caravel air-liner to the cultural sections, done with the sure touch one would expect, the whole thing reflects the immense vitality in all departments of life of this paradoxical nation. One of the best things is a display devoted to 20th-century French writers, Claudel, Valéry, Giraudoux and the rest: their manuscripts, pipes, spectacles, correspondence (letters to Giraudoux from Gandhi, Gorki, GBS: *'Lilule' est kolossal, grossartig, wunderschön, magnificent. Je l'ai gouté avec extase*). Compare, in the Austrian pavilion, the original scores by Austrian composers – one forgets how many there have been!

* * *

Among other national pavilions high marks for varying reasons must go to Finland, the Netherlands, Germany; and, for landscaping and lighting, the Swiss. The surprise is America. At first sight it seems a very ordinary building, and architecturally it is: simply a vast rotunda, entirely circled within and without by wide galleries. But enter it at night, and magic has been at work. Taking a leaf out of Paxton's notebooks the designers have left growing within the building several large trees; these, softly floodlit (something Paxton couldn't do) rise irregularly round a large central pool, under a dome (open to the sky at



FELIX PERIMETER

Of all the examples of *Schweppshire Lads who Made Good*, few teach a simpler or more cogent lesson than the story of Felix Perimeter.

Nobody liked him at school and his teachers in particular loathed him; for Felix was always saying "No." "Keep your hands clean," said his Kindergarten Form Mistress.

"No," said Felix. "The tactile approach is awf'ly 'portant."

Obviously destined for the Army, he did well until Colonel Gravy, of Ballistics, told him that after three years he ought to be able to multiply 2x by 2y. "No," said Felix. "You are asking me to elaborate an abstraction before I have been made to comprehend the concept of fluid measurement on which algebra is founded."

Obviously destined for the pen, Felix yet did badly by always sending in the wrong stuff for the right paper and vice versa. To the Editor of the Dry Fly Fisher's Gazette, for instance, he often sent 5,000 words on the "Lack of Anthropomorphism in D. H. Lawrence's Animal Poetry, Part I". "Unsuitable," said the Editor. "No," wrote Felix, posting Part II. Success came when Coke, of Personnel, made Felix salesman in the china department of Hipmaster's Store, to help clear the 1922 stock of Spanish Galleons painted with a chocolate porcelain finish on a nickel base. "Your 'No' approach has emptied the shelves," said Coke. "No," said Felix and thereafter started to say Yes. This change of personality did him no good. Women customers liked it, but our illustration of this phase of Felix shows that his personality lost much of its independence.

The end is well known. Forcibly promoted through the executive ranks, he finally became P.R. Advisor to Hipmaster Subsidiaries where his salary is now so high, that he has to live in Switzerland in order to earn it, where of course he can't earn it, so that he has no salary.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS • THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

its summit) draped with looped netting in which are enmeshed innumerable small lights. A gleaming white ramp thrusts itself down to a small floodlit platform floating on the pool; on which, it is true, nothing more romantic or significant seemed to be happening than a mannequin parade – but isn't this an exhibition? A big success is scored by the live show of colour TV; compared with this the BBC stand in the British section is sadly unimaginative. Round the central pool a wide area is kept clear for circulation, thus giving a fine sense of interior freedom and space. All in all, the American designers have successfully solved the difficult visual problem of accommodating innumerable angular exhibits within a round building (one of our conspicuous failures with the Dome on the South Bank).

Night is merciful to exhibitions, and floodlighting can play the most exhilarating tricks. It works once more at Brussels, though the landscape lighting is rough: for one thing, too many unshielded lights strike the eye – a cardinal fault, giving the game away and destroying the illusion. (Nothing within the Exhibition, by the way, is half so lovely as the floodlit Grand Place in Brussels itself, one of the sights of Europe.) The Atomium with its nine great aluminium globes, compulsive as it is in all lights (gleaming with menace in a storm, almost floating away like balloons in the sunshine) become at night a thing of wonder, a colossal piece of costume jewellery. A pity its interior should be a near-slum. You submit to propulsion through its entrails only to arrive at a beer concession.

* * *

To sum up. With plenty of fine and exciting things in it, as an essay in co-ordinated design Expo '58 is underproof. The site is heaven-sent: undulating, superbly timbered; there is plenty of bright colour (some of it, in the Belgian sector, downright ugly); there is an abundance of lakes and plashing water; the coloured fountains gush if anything a shade too spectacularly. Yet the show as a whole lacks ultimate distinction. Perhaps it is a failure of national taste, like the always overstuffed shop windows of Brussels, or the miles of street illuminations: gay, lavish, but not *chic*.

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Albert Anastasia and Me

Albert Anastasia was a professional killer, credited with more than 60 deaths. For many years he was the boss of the notorious 'Murder Inc', which carried out killings to order, but the only crime for which he was successfully indicted was evasion of federal income tax. Flourishing after the time of prohibition, he based his empire on the waterfront unions—he was the terror of the New York docks—the rackets, and the 'protection' of businesses operating within his territory. On 25 October 1957 two gunmen shot Anastasia.

I READ that The Enforcer got his finally, with a .32 Smith & Wesson and a .38 Colt, in the barbershop of the Park Sheraton Hotel in New York City while his bodyguard was across the street having a cup of coffee. The police detective in charge of the investigation was quoted as complaining that he hasn't talked to so many blind witnesses in his career. With all due respect, I must say I cannot blame these citizens for clinging to their sudden access of mass myopia. Like them, I once had my chance to pull a Marlon Brando, or at least a Henry Fonda, only to muff it quite as ignominiously.

Seven o'clock, a hot summer morning in 1950, the corner of Tenth Avenue and Seventeenth Street. Felix was late. I was beginning to feel foolish when at last he showed up, growling, 'C'mon, we're late'. I hurried after him, falling in step, feeling that in some obscure way he blamed me for his being late, hung-over and in a bad temper. But, I said, he remembers me.

Felix grumbled curtly. 'What in hell you dressed like that for? Think you're gonna chop down trees or something? Jesus, you din't act like no square yesterday.' We dodged traffic across Hudson Street, the early morning roaring from up on the West Side elevated highway drowning out my assurances that I was still eager to work at any job. 'Goddam right,' Felix snapped with muzzy hauteur. 'Geezers twict yer age playin' buck-buck justa shape up. I'll getcha in and you don't have to pay me nothing, just because you ain't no square.' He eyed me, and my borrowed lumberjacket and overalls, dubiously. 'I hope', he added.

Strangers twenty-four hours ago, Felix and I had exchanged personal troubles while ritualistically feeding each other whiskeys and screwdrivers all yesterday afternoon in a Second Avenue bar. (I had no job, no money, no prospects; Felix had dropped a packet on the Jamaica trotters and was having wife trouble.) Just before closing time, amid many earnest pledges of mutual devotion, Felix had turned on me a proud furry-tongued secret grin and exhorted me, if I still wanted a job, to meet him the next morning. 'But wear clothes!'

Felix pulled me behind a parked car. 'Now you listen careful,' he said. 'You get over there and keep your mouth shut. Don't talk to nobody, even if they ask the time of day. What's your name?' He looked displeased at what I told him. 'Christ no. Let's see, what do you look like? Bohunk maybe. Your name is Jones.' He took my social security card and went over to a man holding a clipboard in front of Pier 15. After a brief whispered conference, Felix disappeared into the enormous, noise-splashed maw of the loading shed.

I stuck my hands in my pockets and strolled over to the fringe of the shape-up, where the man with the clipboard, who was wearing a fisherman's fedora adorned with brightly coloured flies, was jabbing an apparently random finger at a small, hunched knot of hopeful longshoremen. He pointed at a sallow little character in the front rank and said, Jones, and I spun out of the crowd before the little man could get any ideas.

Just inside the dark, cool, vaguely sawdust-smelling shed, Felix, now himself fitted out with a clipboard and pencil, came up to me and said quickly, 'Jones, gang four'. Then he went inside the glass-enclosed dock office. From that moment until I lost my job Felix did not address a single word, of fraternity or instruction, to me.

I felt like the new boy at school. All around me on the concrete floor the men of the longshore trade trundled dollies and hauled crates and madly propelled electric cargo trucks, filling the high-raftered shed with a cataract of impersonal yells. I inquired of a malingerer, slouched lazily on an improvised couch of packing cases, where I might be expected to find Gang Four. He turned out to be a foreman. He wrote my *nom-de-travail* on one of the ubiquitous clipboards and started to give me a hard time, but signed off and sent me on my way when I told him that it was Felix who had hired me.

Outside one of the huge sliding pier doors, from which a view of the Hudson river was wholly obstructed by the dirty hull of a Liberty ship flying a Panamanian flag, a place was grudgingly made for me on the ropes of Gang Four.

By now, I've forgotten the names of the other four men on the gang except Pete's. Pete was kind to me, the first one of them to break the ice by remarking, when I narrowly missed colliding with a slingload of Swedish planks, 'Guess your lumber wasn't up yet, friend'. We became friends. He was a young Italian-American of my age with several years' dock experience and a US Navy dishonourable discharge to his credit. Small but very muscular, incurably vivacious, a grisly punster, apple-cheeked Pete was generally known as a crazy bastard. He got away with high jinx unthinkable for the rest of us, and obviously held some sort of favoured position, though still within the ranks, on Pier 15.

In the afternoon, our first indication of a distinguished visitor was the startling change in demeanour of the bull-voiced stevedore boss, who had been supervising us from the forward deck of the Liberty. For someone who, like myself, had had the less than enchanting pleasure of hustling under the two-by-four bellowing of his mouth, the tranquil mask of smiling, almost supplicatory deference into which he managed to reconstruct his features was fantastic.

Down on the pier, Gang Four stood around, uncertainly, humbly. Except, that is, for Pete, whose mannered grin of greeting, though deeply respectful, could not entirely conceal a slight trace of cockiness.

Our visitor, a stocky, swarthy man dressed casually in grey summer slacks and an old

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sweater, seemed to take for granted that we would stop working to await his pleasure. 'Hello, Pete,' he rasped. A summer flu, or had he been born with a sore throat? Pete's bally-sour head bobbed shyly, the favoured pupil.

'How's your pop and mom, Pete? I seed your sister Annette at Angelo's wedding last week. Sent my regards.' 'Yeah,' murmured Pete, 'she tole us. Thanks.' 'Annette tole us your liddle brother Carl got a scholarship to Cornell injineering school. Fine. Tell him I said so.' 'Yeah, thanks,' said Pete. 'My best to the folks.' 'Yeah.'

The swarthy visitor nodded at us in a definitely regal but not unfriendly way, and I found myself jumping back to work with the others, as if I'd been flashed a signal.

'Who was that?' I later asked Pete in the lavatory during a stolen break. 'Yeah, you're from outta town,' he said. Then he stepped close to me and rapped out. 'The Enforcer.' I laughed. 'The . . . who?'

A shadow passed over Pete's face. He was absolutely serious. His clear young eyes narrowed melodramatically. 'Anastasia,' he hissed. 'Oh,' I said. Pete moved even closer to me. '*Albert* Anastasia,' he said, and with an impressive, if rudimentary, sense of the dramatic he turned his back on me and stalked out of the lavatory, I suppose in order to leave me in peace to compose my ruffled nerves.

The hell of it was, I *was* impressed. I sharply reminded myself that Anastasia was nothing more than a hoodlum with the personal instincts of a scavenging animal and the avarice of a parvenu, a professional strike-breaker and a corrupter of the social fabric. Yet the Chicago child in me, the West Sider who had lionised Dillinger, Karpis and Pretty Boy Floyd before he could recite the Presidents, was awed, stirred even. Indisputably, Albert Anastasia – Lord High Executioner of Murder Inc., crown prince of Mafia, co-suzerain of the Brooklyn piers with his brother 'Tough Tony', cohort of Capone, Buchalter and Luciano, and an alumnus of Sing Sing's death house (for the killing of a longshoreman) – was royalty.

I 'shaped' the next morning at 6.30 and had no difficulty obtaining the small metal tag which is the docker's proof and pass of employment. I worked hard, wore more intelligent clothes and kept my nose clean. I asked no questions not related to the job. I learned to play the incoming slings better and nearer, to spring upon the cargo and tear it apart like some dumb enemy, and not to stare when a bottle of Noilly Prat from a broken crate was stuffed into someone's work shirt. I was learning not to be a square.

I even learned not to try to say hello to Felix, my benefactor, or acknowledge in any way his opaque unbending gaze whenever we passed each other on the concrete floor of the loading shed. What Felix's official duties were I did not know then, or now. He simply lounged during the better part of the day in the vicinity of the pier office, making mysterious notations on his clipboard and holding furtive conferences with the myriad strawbosses and foremen – appointees of the Int'l Longshoremen's Association – who seemed to outnumber the actual workers on Pier 15.

My friend Pete, on the other hand, was anything but reticent. All through that second day he kept up a steady stream of 'pepper'. He would have been a great find as an infielder for some dispirited baseball club. Inevitably, as I hoped it would, Pete's banter, at first circling deliciously, finally made a three-point landing on the subject I was most interested in. Albert Anastasia, Pete said, in response to my query, was his second cousin by marriage, once removed. The moment the name of 'The Law' escaped from Pete's bubbling lips, I could see the spines of the three other men on Gang Four stiffen. They glared disapproval. But Pete was not to be stoppered. Without much prompting, he informed me that his father was business agent of a common labourers' union in Brooklyn, which was bound by ties of family and simony to the hierarchy of the crooked ILA. The Anastasias had been friends of the family for many years, Albert The Enforcer having stood in at the baptism of Pete's younger brother, Carl.

To hear Pete tell it, hoodlumism in New York was a warmhearted, rosy clan affair, the principal details of which were weddings, births and graduations. I soon saw that Pete was as incapable of conceiving of his father as a quasi-respectable gangster as a stockbroker's son would think of his father as a bloodsucking capitalist parasite. When crime is a way of life it ceases to be a crime, was implicit in Pete's vivid chatter. His easygoing attitudes disarmed me. I asked a lot of questions about Anastasia.

By the third day the starboard side of the Liberty ship was as familiar to me as the walls of my own room. All that morning our hold was busy. The sling loads were banging down on the pier with such unceasing regularity that Pete and I had no opportunity for small talk (which suited the rest of Gang Four just fine), although he was as friendly as ever to me.

Just after lunch, while we were working man-size stapled boxes of Irish tweed out of the ship, I saw Albert Anastasia again. He was walking down our side of the pier, with salutations and smiles for the boys, and with Felix at his side. Dressed in a light summer suit and no hat, he came straight at me.

'You, Jones,' he rasped, low and friendly, much as I had heard him address Pete. 'Yes, sir,' I replied automatically. Without any sort of expression at all, Felix left Anastasia's side and went back into the pier shed. Anastasia walked past me to the far end of the pier. I knew I was expected to follow. I tried looking at Pete, but he was terrifically busy examining his shoes. In fact, all of Gang Four seemed to have found resting places for their eyes a mile away.

I ran a gauntlet of hooded glances from two gangs working the aft end of the Liberty ship, and found Anastasia waiting for me around the corner of the pier shed which gave directly out on the river. I waited until Anastasia was finished with his inspection, made with unnerving minuteness, of a bank of crated-up machines stored in this out-of-the-way corner of the pier. He looked at his hands streaked with grease and then at me: we both sought for a rag or a piece of newspaper on which to wipe them. I was still searching in vain, rather more avidly than was warranted, when Anastasia said, quietly, 'Okay'.

Holding his hands slightly away from his shortish, compact body (he was not as tall as I), like an Old West sheriff on the prod, he said, 'You a college boy?' 'No,' I said, not knowing what else to say. I did not know what Felix had told him. 'Open your wallet,' Anastasia said.

I did as I was told. He flipped through it and calmly held it up to me. I stared at the card which I had been issued upon election to the editorial board of the campus newspaper. Stamped in large red letters diagonally across the card was the word: 'PRESS'.

Still holding up the wallet for my inspection, Anastasia sucked on his teeth and gazed wearily out on the river, alive with daytime traffic of tugs and ferries, across to the docks of Hoboken. 'You said you never been to college.' He shook his head sadly, this professional murderer, that I should be so churlish as to lie to a prince of a fellow who had only my best interests at heart.

'You said that you were not a college boy.' 'Yes sir,' I mumbled. 'What was that?' 'I said, yes sir, that is what I told you. I. . .' 'Why did you then say that to me, that you had not been to college?' I became very nervous. I stammered that I was afraid I would have been refused the job if I had revealed the fact of my college background. I told him I had needed the job.

'Sure,' Anastasia said. Was it only my imagination, grabbing at straws, that found his tone slightly sympathetic. 'I didn't want to get into any trouble,' I told him eagerly. 'Why would there be trouble, Jones?' he said, patiently, staring at the press card which was signed with my real name. I was silent. 'What kind of trouble?'

Anastasia listened stoically as I explained that I had done factory work, and that I knew from

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past experience that a degree in English lit. was by no means always the best credential for a bench job, and that in fact many employers were hostile to the idea of taking on college men.

Anastasia nodded, 'Why is that, Jones, do you think?' I asked him why is what. 'Why college boys are not always welcome,' he said. I could have given Anastasia any one of several undangerous, clever replies. Instead, I told him the truth, as I had found it in several years of job-hunting. 'Well, you know, sir, some employers are of the opinion that college boys take too much of an interest in unions . . . and things like that,' I trailed off hopelessly. I closed my eyes and felt dizzy. I was horrified. Freud was right, after all. I tried to salvage something. 'I knew this, these difficulties, and I wanted this job. . . .'

'This job?' 'I meant, any job that came along.' 'How did this one come along, Jones? How do you mean, come along?' I was stumped, and then saved, or further ruined by the next question. 'You think maybe there's trouble on this pier?' 'Oh no,' I responded with the quick lie. 'Well, when you was hired why didn't you tell everybody the troot.' Anastasia wagged his head lugubriously. 'It makes you look dopey this way, you know.' His tone, though still forebearing, was becoming tinged with severity. I decided to clear things up. 'Look,' I said edgily, 'I needed a job, I was lucky to get on this pier. I've been doing my work and not asking for trouble.' Anastasia was not to be put off. 'What, what kinda trouble,' he said, as if my last remark had not existed, 'was you anxious your employer not to worry about, Jones?'

Breathing rather too heavily, I explained that I had noticed public attention had been focused on the waterfront of recent weeks. 'But,' I added quickly, 'I didn't see any trouble or get into any. I've been coming to work and leaving work and that's all I know.' 'Let's hope so, Jones. Let's really hope so.' His smile was neither icy nor murderous or full of sinister meaning. As far as I can recall, it was rather fatherly and benign. 'You know any newspapermen, Jones?' To lie further would have been useless. He had my press card in his hand. 'One or two in Los Angeles,' I said. 'Guys who came out to lecture us.' 'Lecture on what?' 'Technical matters, mainly. Newspaper make-up, lay-out, things like that.' 'Did you learn a lot?' 'I suppose so.' 'You a newspaperman now?' 'No, sir. I'm nothing now.' He smiled thinly. At once I saw the double meaning. My throat moistened and swelled with a lump of humiliation. I hated the man standing with such self-assured arrogance in front of me. Or rather, I knew I should be hating him. All I felt, however, was fear and some awe and a great worry for my skin. Perhaps it all added up to hate.

Anastasia counted the money in my wallet, all four dollars of it. 'Do you,' he asked, 'by any chance know any newspapermen in New York? Journalists. On newspapers.' I said no. 'Do you know Irving Woltman?' I said no. 'Do you know Lou Stark?' 'No.' 'Murray Kempton?' 'No.' 'Richard Carter?' I said no, again. He mentioned other names, methodically, without raising his voice. I shook my head stubbornly. 'I told you – Sir – I don't know any newspapermen in New York. I'm new in New York. I keep that press card for sentimental reasons, to get me past police lines at fires, or shows. I do not know any newspapermen in New York.'

'You Jewish?' Anastasia abruptly cut me off. I said I was. He nodded to himself, confirming something. He took the four dollar bills from my wallet and stuffed them in the pocket of my shirt, then handed me back the wallet. 'How important is doin' dock work to you, Jones?' I told him I needed the job. 'But I mean,' he continued, 'that it ain't no matter of life or dett.' 'Well, no, I suppose not.' 'I mean, the work's pretty hard for a young boy like you.' I was silent. 'It's not easy for you, is it, Jones?' 'I've had easier work,' I mumbled miserably. 'Yeah, it ain't easy. I know. I done it in my time.' One worker to another, commiserating. He stepped very close to me and raked my nose with a flip of the index finger of his small left hand. 'You're a good boy, Jones. Anybody can tell that.'

The sudden shocking pain shot up to my eyes and caused them to water. When my eyes cleared Anastasia was walking away keeping his arms slightly akimbo so as not to soil his suit. I shook my head a few times, looked out at the water a while and went back around the pier shed. Anastasia was somewhere out of sight. Trying to keep my head high I rejoined Gang Four. A place was quietly quickly made for me on the ropes. All afternoon I was given the treatment. It was more or less what I expected. While other longshoremen stared openly at me, the men on my own gang neither welcomed me back nor talked to me or looked at me. I was contagious. On the other side of the sling Pete worked industriously, without japes or jabber, his face as mask-like as he could arrange it. Thirty minutes before quitting time, he laid off, and another man was soon sent to replace him. He went into the pier shed without saying goodbye or anything like it.

A few seconds after the quitting whistle blew I found myself completely alone at a partially unloaded sling. Gang Four wanted to wash up and go home fast, maybe not even washing up. A bespectacled clerk in shirt sleeves met me inside the pier shed. I had seen him coming all the way from the office, and I had seen longshoremen, strangers to me, point me out to him. I was famous. 'You Jones?' he asked me.

'Of the Jones boys.' I permitted myself the small luxury of a crack. He was not appreciative. He pulled a wad of greenbacks from his pocket and asked me how many days I had on the pier. I said three full days. He computed. 'Buck eighty-two an hour, 24 hours. Any overtime?' I said no, no overtime. He counted out $48 in my hand. I was interested. It's always interesting when a payroll clerk gives a worker the benefit of 18 cents on every dollar. I asked him to return my social security card. He went in the office and came back with it. I took the money, and the card, and brushed past him. I was, all of a sudden, very angry. I chose Felix's check-out queue.

It was only when I had become the first man in the line that I saw the man was not Felix. Pencil, clipboard, but no Felix. I looked over at the parallel queue. He wasn't there either, or in the dock office. 'Awright, Rip Van Winkle!' barked the man with the clipboard. 'Jones!' I said, loud and clear.

I joined the throng of men pushing through the pier doors. The hot, wet sun of a New York summer afternoon glared down on the congested, cobbled surface of Hudson street as an ooze of dirty, tired men poured out from the long avenue of piers. Outside, on the sidewalk, I looked to see if I could find Pete or Felix, but they weren't around. I jumped into the first bus I saw.

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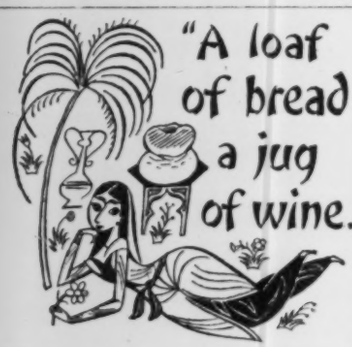

. . . and several 'thou'—as Omar Khayyam might have continued if he'd realized that a good many thousand pounds would one day be spent on research into bread. For Omar bread was simply the staff of life. Science is not going to be fobbed off with *that*. Research has shown that bread contains many of the items of diet necessary for good health.

In other words, bread's good for you. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.*

In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.

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The Arts and Entertainment

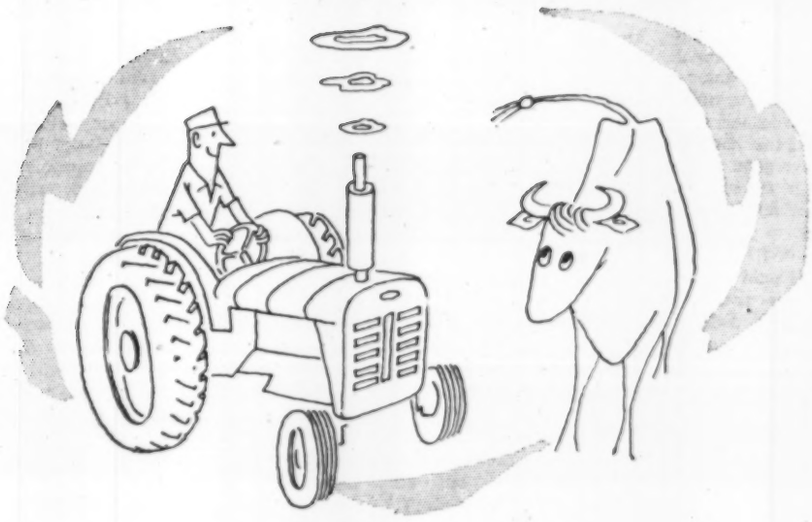
That Musical

No. That, after the ballyhoo and blarney, is the simple answer to the question we have all been asking in advance about *My Fair Lady*. One might add—Of course not! For to measure up to all that advance publicity, to deserve so many acres of newsprint, so much expenditure of brains and time and money on writing it up, the thing would have had to be a masterpiece; and if it had been a masterpiece, it would not have got the treatment. It's as simple as that.

In sober fact *My Fair Lady* is up to the standard of the best American musicals. This is a high standard. The Americans go about the business of manufacturing their musicals with all the thoroughness and professionalism and solemnity which they bring to other forms of manufacture. Their musicals are exactly planned, highly co-ordinated and tailored off with a finish that gleams and glitters. They may not have style, but they certainly have styling; and if that suggests something synthetic, then it gives just the right impression. *My Fair Lady* is quite as good as *Oklahoma!*, or *Call Me Madam*. If it lacks some of that quality of native vitality which managed to get itself retained in those two examples of the genre, it compensates by using as book-writer one of the best comics in the business. American musicals have, up to date, always been short on humour; this is long on humour because it has retained so much of Shaw's dialogues and then gives itself the additional advantage of having in Mr Rex Harrison the best Higgins I have seen, and allowing him to act much of it straight.

Mr Alan Jay Lerner, the adapter and lyric writer, has done a good professional job on the

The cow is **DANISH**



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script, and though his lyrics are only mediocre they do arise naturally and easily from the script. Mr Frederick Loewe's tunes, as we now all know, are easy on the ear. Mr Cecil Beaton brings off one stunning *coup de théâtre* with his Ascot dresses, and Mr Oliver Smith one excellent set, the second Covent Garden in an ingeniously contrived set-plot. The dancing is conventionally conceived but slickly executed.

Consider it simply as another excellent American musical and you will enjoy it about as much. Those who don't know their Shaw will enjoy it more than those who do, but the Shavians, unless they are purists, will not be unduly shocked. Only naturally, the film version is the one that has been used, and only naturally, they have gone to 'the ragshop in which Romance keeps its stock of "happy endings" to misfit all stories' for their final curtain. But it would be pedantic to judge this musical comedy by the standard of its original. It is self-evident that *Pygmalion* would make a more amusing evening than this does; and judging by their reactions to the authentic dialogue, the vast audience would, given the chance, recognise the fact. But then, on the other hand, this particular vast audience would not be there if it were *Pygmalion* that were announced for their pleasure – so there we are.

But even on its own terms *My Fair Lady* is far from being as good as all that. Don't expect too much. The second and shorter part is a very distinct let down. Be smart, and leave after the interval. The Cinderella element which lends itself so well to musical comedy treatment has by then expended itself: and even Shaw (let us admit it) did not solve quite successfully in theatrical terms the human problem which remained; so, small wonder if Mr Alan Jay Lerner doesn't succeed with it. He doesn't quite bring off, either, the time sequence when Eliza is learning her vowels. The servants' chorus who punctuate the blackout with would-be menacing verses:

> Poor Professor Higgins!
> Poor Professor Higgins!
> On he plods
> Against all odds
> Oh, poor Professor Higgins . . .

are a poor man's Eumenides for some Eliot play – and that never worked either, you remember. Then, rather surprisingly, he misses the whole point of the joke with the unutterable word. Surprisingly, because the production has prepared for it with a particularly happy stroke. The scene is Ascot and the chorus of ladies and gentlemen watch each race with a bored languidity, wonderfully at odds with the words of their song which describe it as 'absolutely thrilling'. But then Liza, instead of imitating their bored manner and pronouncing her 'unutterable' dead-pan, delivers it in a frenzy of excitement, in which it is lost. Nor does Mr Lerner make any dramatic point at all out of the Embassy Ball. And this brings the first act curtain down on a most conventional, a positively pantomime, Cinderella scene.

Indeed, disappointingly, we find very conventional minds at work in all the parts where Shaw has not had a hand: expert, slick and highly professional minds, but dull, unoriginal ones. (And that of course won't be an obstacle to its remaining on as long as *Chu Chin Chow*.) What gives the show its kick is Shaw and Mr Rex Harrison's performance. Mr Stanley Holloway has an excellent first act part as Doolittle and carries it off just as one would expect. Drury Lane was too big for Miss Julie Andrews and somewhat reduced her stature. Mr Robert Coote gave us a nice Dr Watsony sort of Pickering. But the evening was Mr Harrison's: he brings off a beautiful double. He creates Henry Higgins unrelentingly from right inside the character, acts it with perfect timing and delightful comic invention, and, when it comes to taking the stage in the musical comedy technique, he does it as to the manner trained without ever losing, either, the personality he has created. How I long to see his *Pygmalion*.

Quaint Honour, at the Arts, it a little document which tells us that sex life in the Public Schools is still much the same as it used to be. It is an unpretentious little case history or the history, rather, in technical terms, of a 'case'. Its great merit is that is simply accepts the situation it involves us in – an older boy taking a younger to bed – without fuss, without emphasis, without exploiting, without preaching or defending or discussing. And, in our day when every bishop has his testament for or against homosexuality, this is what seems shocking. Very well acted.

T. C. WORSLEY

Mr Granz Makes Music

CONTRARY to common belief, for most of its history there has been very little money in jazz, as money is reckoned in show business. Consequently the discovery of the mass demand for this music was not made by the traditional tycoons of entertainment. True, one or two operators from the night-world of the Twenties, where madams, speakeasies, fight-promoters, gangsters and jazz flourished, took out early options on it. Mr Joe Glaser, whose links with Armstrong go back to the old Sunset Café in the Chicago of 1927, is now one of the most important bookers in the business. On the whole, however, the entrepreneurs of jazz have been made of unexpected social material. They have sprung from among the passionate *aficionados* and the idealistic, radical intellectuals of the Thirties, though the successful ones have also had the more usual gift for thriving in jungles which distinguishes the old-fashioned entrepreneur. (The jazz business has not got round to the organisation man yet.) The most striking graduate of this unusual business school is now among us with Jazz at the Philharmonic, a travelling constellation of artists of gala strength. He is Norman Granz, a grey-tweedy Beverly Hills intellectual with a slightly overgrown California look, a mind which ranges some distance beyond business, and a gift for personal generalship of his campaigns which is only slightly strained by the scope of his operations.

It is the fate of the intellectual jazz-promoter to be judged by higher standards than the Joe Glasers; and since big business imposes its own logic, he is rarely out of critical hot water. I have myself many reservations about Granz. An earlier visit by Jazz at the Philharmonic was little more than a systematic peddling of mass excitement, though Granz's admission was true and disarming: 'if it's honking, it's the best honking and there's no baloney'. (The present show is *not* open to this criticism.) Many of the 600 items he now records annually are best forgotten, and the sleeve-notes appearing over his signature are mere blurbs. Moreover, Granz is a combiner of known talent rather than a discoverer and developer of new. But his positive achievement is overwhelming.

He has systematically and unrelentingly fought the colour bar. He has set a new standard in the payment and treatment of musicians: not the least of his merits is a high reputation among players, a class not given to kind remarks about impresarios. He has kept notable, but unpopular players before the public, devised adventurous combinations of musicians, and done more to propagate unsectarian jazz since 1946 than any other man. Magnificent but 'uncommercial' artists would have died inadequately recorded, but for him: the pianist Art Tatum, for instance. Even a critic who takes less pleasure in Mr Granz's brain, understanding of jazz and social views than this one, will add up a large credit balance. And yet: Granz himself is as gloomy about the general future of jazz as any critic (who may be defined as a man who sees jazz in crisis at any given moment). Perhaps it is because the logic of business is not the logic of jazz. As the distribution of jazz becomes modernised and streamlined, its production becomes more difficult: old-fashioned individual creation is harder to mass-produce than to market. It is not Mr Granz's fault: but it is his problem.

The demand which Jazz at the Phil. supplies, more professionally and intelligently than anyone else, is an impossible one: to see as many stars as possible produce musical creation to order twice nightly. If the show is more like a series of exhibition bouts than a real match, this is because it must be; and anyway, it is well worth the money to see champions displaying their gifts. Merely to hear in the flesh the undimmed Coleman Hawkins, the doubly fantastic Gillespie, the admirable Stitt, the brilliant and showmanlike Peterson trio, and even a slightly below-par Ella Fitzgerald, is enough for an evening. There may be other formulae for ready-made travelling jazz. Perhaps one day there will be a big enough public for such things as Gil Evans's *Miles Ahead* (Fontana LP), a set of beautifully orchestrated small concertos for brass, wind and the sleep-walking lyricism of Miles Davis on flugelhorn.

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But Granz's formula, especially in its present non-honking version, is as good as we have any right to expect. It will, as usual, drive local imitators to temporary despair. And it will remind us that live jazz is, at bottom, a matter of picking a team of individual musicians and letting them play.

I have left myself little space to report on some of the most satisfactory experiences in a long time: the performances of Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, who are now touring with Chris Barber's band. But then, there is nothing to be said about the authentic, indestructible, skin-tingling sound of the blues: it is all said by two southern voices, a guitar and an incredible mouth-organ. 'The blues', said Mr Gus Johnson, the able drummer of Jazz at the Phil., *à propos* of nothing, 'it's got to be there all the time. It's the way you feel.' With Terry and McGhee the blues *is* there all the time, and we are lucky to hear them, and Miss Marie Knight, the gospel singer, whom Humphrey Lyttelton has brought over—just too late, alas, for today's column.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Art of Unlived Life

JEAN DUBUFFET, a middle-aged Frenchman, is now one of the names to conjure with in Western art capitals. Recently an intelligent English critic called him the greatest European painter of his generation. His works are worth thousands. The present exhibition at Tooth's is his first major show in London, and contains 30 works dating from 1943 to '57. Dubuffet is essentially a post-war artist.

A few of the pictures on show are gouaches. The majority are a kind of oil painting, though they contain other 'matter' besides. I quote from the catalogue:

> His matter evolved very quickly, as if it flowed from a volcano with diverse chemical and mineral resources. It was enriched with cement, plaster, and many other products which it would be in vain to enumerate here, for they changed frequently and were worked with different instruments as this adventure—not unlike the geological formation of our planet—proceeded.

These enrichments make the surfaces of his pictures heavy, rough, mucky, and like those of crumbling damp walls. Scratched into these brown muddy surfaces, or painted on top of them, are images. (Incidentally, it is typical of the megalomaniac pretentions of post-war art fashion that when something looks like mud – or worse – it is compared to the geological formation of our planet.) Dubuffet's images generally represent deficient faces or gangling bodies. Or, more accurately, they do not represent them – Dubuffet has said 'Observation destroys what it touches' – they are signs for them. In certain pictures these signs are definite, in others they are half lost in the surrounding texture. In a few cases the whole picture consists of nothing but continuous texture. The signs themselves are slightly similar to those used in child art, and at times are also reminiscent of certain surrealist images. Dubuffet is no chicken. Yet what they most obviously emulate are ordinary public *grafitti*'. The wall and the scrawl.

Indeed, if you were innocent and knew nothing of the sickness of bourgeois culture, the only thing that would surprise you about these 'works' is that they are framed and hung in a reputable art gallery; on a bomb-site nobody would pick them up. But we are not innocent, and in this field nothing can surprise us any more. Not even the elegant gallery salesmen in their spotless suits, staring, fascinated, at mud. Not even Dubuffet's public and disciples persuading themselves that they can find 'cosmic' meaning in the works. Not even Georges Limbour proudly proclaiming in the catalogue that:

> He (Dubuffet) appeals to the imagination of the spectator, who will give to each painting the meaning he wants, according to his nature and the play of his fancy. . . . For those who like to let their imagination loose in the greatest liberty, how enchanting Dubuffet's painting is.

No, not even that, which self-evidently proves that Dubuffet communicates nothing. Nevertheless it is worthwhile analysing why a man like Dubuffet can, in all sincerity, end up in this position, and why his work has a sophisticated following. It is worth while because it shows us one of the ways in which bourgeois culture is now bound to waste itself.

Neurosis has been defined as the result of 'unlived life'. Today the sensitive bourgeois artist is disgusted or bored by his official culture, but because he can see no way of changing it, and because, rejecting dialectics, he is unable to distinguish between its positive and negative tendencies, he is forced to deny absolutely his own sensibilities and heritage, to unlive his life in fact, and then to escape into some form of crude and false Primitivism. Other artists take to Action Painting and the cult of historically Primitive art. Dubuffet apes the inarticulate and disorientated victims of his own society – those who are driven by loneliness and frustration to draw primitively their private obsessions on public walls. The appeal of this primitivism to a sophisticated public is a double one. First, since it does not speak their own language they can read into it whatever they like of themselves. Secondly, because it is foreign, they can pretend, whilst enjoying it, that they are something other than they are. Thus, both from the artist's and from the public's point of view, this is an art which derives from unlived life, and propagates it. It is in fact a phenomenon deriving from the same kind of unreality as the commercial pin-up, the government defence policy, and the average Academy portrait.

* * *

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TATE: Joseph Wright, of Derby, 1734-97. Catalogue of fine research by Benedict Nicolson. A minor painter of great interest when he expressed the heroic sense of discovery of the Industrial Revolution. Forges, laboratory experiments, the light – literally – of scientific research, and children gazing at the new world they will inherit. Between Wright and Dubuffet lies the whole history of bourgeois progress and decay.

JOHN BERGER

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Energy

In his new orchestral *Partita*, given recently for the first time in London by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, Sir William Walton appears to be in tearing high spirits. The work is in three movements, each lasting some five minutes, and in place of its rather scholarly sounding title might well have been called 'Divertimento', or just plain 'Suite', since it is avowedly written to entertain, 'in the hope that it may be enjoyed straight off', as the composer puts it. No harm in that, of course; much good, rather. Orchestral concerts are filled with modern or late nineteenth century music which have one thing in common beneath wide differences of idiom, that they are trying far too hard to be impressive and profound. Long ago, in *Façade*, Sir William wrote a score that belongs to the small quantity of first-rate light music written during this century; in *Troilus and Cressida* his Uncle Pandarus pretty well laughed the lovers off the stage, and I have often wondered whether he might not one day give the world something which it badly needs, a thoroughly effective new comic opera. But the particular brand of boisterous gaiety displayed in the two outer movements of the new *Partita* is not, to my taste, very alluring.

In these two energetic movements, a Toccata and a Giga burlesca, thematic fragments, making much play with the interval of a rising seventh, continually sputter and explode and whirl about from instrument to instrument. It is as though a burly Major with a clipped moustache were taking his yapping fox terrier for a run in a stiff gale; and I say 'burly' because of the general thickness and coarseness of the orchestration. In the central Pastorale, our Major takes a siesta in a hammock; he has got out of the wind at last, and the relief is so great that we are inclined to find the spectacle, by contrast, more attractive than it truly is. The opening unaccompanied duet for viola and oboe is indeed rather charming, but I cannot see that it leads anywhere very significant. It was a pity that the *Partita* could not have been coupled, as in Manchester, with the lyrically beautiful new Cello Concerto.

Energy, of a more congenial and perhaps more genuine kind, was again a marked feature of an all-American concert given by the LPO last Monday under the brilliantly decisive leadership of William Steinberg, who is to take charge of this orchestra for a spell next season. Admittedly, Gershwin's *An American in Paris* is a crude farrago of tunes well below this composer's best vein; and the surface vigour of William Schuman's Piano Concerto (effectively played by Iris Loveridge) seems spurious and manufactured. But the rest of the concert was wholly exhilarating. Roy Harris's rugged and original Third Symphony is always a pleasure to hear, although it is by now high time we were allowed to sample some of its successors; and it was pleasant and a little surprising to find how well another one-movement symphony of the Thirties, Samuel Barber's No. 1, stood up to a fresh hearing; 'influences' notwithstanding, this remains an uncommonly assured and compelling piece of work. Copland's *Billy the Kid* ballet music, in so intensely virile a performance, enchanted the audience with its spare athletic beauty, its springy rhythms and the rough, easy lilt of its idiom. Altogether the evening presented a very likeable, if somewhat out-of-date, picture of American music, and I hope that next year Mr Steinberg will be encouraged to show us something of what has been achieved there since 1942.

Space remains merely to chronicle the first London recitals of two very young and highly gifted performers: the Canadian bass-baritone and Lieder singer, Donald Bell, and the Polish pianist, Andre Tchaikovsky, whose Chopin group revealed a distinction of mind and a delicacy of touch rare among contemporary virtuosos.

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Brush Up Your E-factor

It would be wrong not to draw attention at once to *Occupational Voices*, a series of three programmes now being broadcast on the Third: the second and third of them can be heard on the next two Sundays. It is difficult to judge the series fairly, however, after the first instalment: I heard this twice (the first time privately, in a version rather fuller than that broadcast), and feel at present that it suffers from a certain incoherence of purpose.

Being concerned to some extent with class-variations in accent – the interaction, for instance, of the accents of an Old Etonian and an old grammar-school boy sharing a cabin as cadets – it has the immediate appeal, in England, of *Pygmalion* and all the fun about U and non-U. Some of the examples given, too, are extremely comic; and it is astonishing to hear a senior Army man – not hard to identify as Field-Marshal Montgomery – yapping such assertions as 'Well, *I* feel that the future lies in the hands of youth', and to wonder how that high harsh staccato can ever have been thought inspiring by anybody. It is not easy, though, to disentangle the various theories of the producer, Mr Kenneth Hudson. One is that a particular manner of speech is characteristic of each occupation (a Naval officer's being distinguishable from an Army officer's, a tax-accountant's from a bank-manager's). Secondly, Mr Hudson claims that success in some occupations goes to 'one-voiced' people (such as those I have quoted, highly paid dressmakers' models, and hospital almoners), while other occupations prefer the 'two-voiced' (those with on- and off-duty voices, such as chauffeurs and telephonists) and others again those with still greater flexibility of voice (I can hardly wait to hear examples of this group, which includes MPs for marginal constituencies). Finally he believes that he has taped evidence to show that success in an occupation is associated with what he calls the 'E-factor' in the voice – E standing for escalator or elevator – and that this, too, can to a considerable extent be separated from other elements in a voice and defined.

It is not clear quite how serious Mr Hudson is about all this, or if it is really a semi-egghead joke: perhaps a bit of both, like *Parkinson's Law*. At any rate, it makes entertainment that should appeal to an audience wider than the Third's is supposed usually to be, and will lead to some first-rate domestic argument. Spotting the voices is also a good game for those with sharp aural memories: Monty and General Horrocks were both obvious; so, in the preliminary run-through, was the don – Lord David Cecil. But was the bishop, as I half-thought, Dr Mortimer of Exeter? The best things in the first of the series were Mr Hudson's analysis of the Naval officer's voice, with 'its stamina and its formidable capacity for absorbing regional accents' (one of his interviewers said, 'I never remember any officer with an accent other than one's own'), and the poignantly horrible false-bonhomie of one of his bank-managers, with the insolent use of the word 'reprimand' to describe the mode of speech thought proper to a customer with an overdraft.

'Strictly E' would, I suppose, be Mr Hudson's diagnosis of the voices, different as they seem to be, of those taking part in *The Last Word*, a gentle and surprisingly literate ITV discussion-programme: not 'surprisingly', indeed, when the panel consists, as it did last Monday, of Donald Ogden Stewart, Peter Goolden, and Gerard Fay, under the benign and increasingly assured chairmanship of Michael Flanders. Asked whether 'intellectual' or 'egghead' were the bigger insult, Mr Fay put up a brave defence of 'intellectual' as a label not to be ashamed of, meaning simply 'one who lives and works by the use of his mind (plus, perhaps, his fingers on a typewriter)'. Also discussed was the popular 'they' – the 'they' who 'say', etc. – but no one mentioned the most menacing use of it, Lear's. It is good that a TV programme should be concerned with words, their origins and uses; Monday's edition was, as always, agreeably desultory and gimmick-free, and kept me from the first 15 minutes of *Tonight*.

The worst (though not the worst-acted or produced) play I have seen on TV for a long time was ITV's *Breach of Marriage*, an emotional and question-begging melodrama about what may, perhaps, be called 'apt insemination's artful AID'. This theme could be dealt with worthily in a documentary, straight or 'dramatised', in which the various arguments, including the case for the hypothetical baby, could be presented intelligently. In this play we saw only stock 'types' uttering dialogue of excruciating banality: 'Who would have thought that a certain wild young medical student would turn into a famous doctor?'; and 'Lettie, what are you asking me to do! Throw all my beliefs and principles down the drain?'; and, of course, 'It's *her* life' (not that of the baby, who

is regarded as a mere instrument for achieving 'delirious' happiness). The most convinced advocate of AID would have been embarrassed by this stagey, meretricious rubbish.

TOM DRIBERG

Macbeth as Stag-Beetle

Macbeth in the cinema has been unlucky, though if Shakespeare is to be filmed at all, one would have thought it a safe bid. It has pace, wildness, terror, and Macbeth himself externalises the Shakespearean conscience more than any other hero. Yet from earliest days when Tree (was it?) roared silently and the wind snatched his beard, down to the talkies which at least lifted the slabs of speech from intercalated text into the film itself, misfortune has persisted. Welles came forward. He had command, stance. Too intellectual? In the event, not even his looming presence and some landscape with historical colour could make up for the robber-chief's 'castle', a plastic monkey-hill with caves and terraces which soon transformed the tragedy to that of theatrical living conditions. Since then, signalised by bloody paper-knives through the post, we have had *Joe Macbeth*, a sad British gangster film, all the worse for its old echoing plot in the background. And now comes the Japanese Macbeth, *The Throne of Blood* (Curzon), which is – I'm sorry to say – much what one would expect a Japanese Macbeth to be.

We are back in that fierce sixteenth century when horsemen raced past the undergrowth, swords clashed, honour screamed under the whispering trees: Captain Washizu, victorious from the wars, meets a witch who promises him the lordship of Cobweb castle. His wife drives him on, they murder Tsuzuki. . . . But how is this killing different from any other? Already, keeping the Shakespeare story, we are miles from Shakespeare; reasonable enough, since Japan is quite a long way off Dunsinane; but the substitution of bloody melodrama for tragedy is hardly likely to uplift us.

Mind you, it takes the eye and for stretches freezes the blood. The misted hills; perilous forest; grim forts with huge wooden gates that let in or out marauding bands; the warrior lords themselves, horned insects and by nature almost as threateningly masked – all bring nearer a grim, dank, long-ago. Macbeth (if one may call him that) achieves an unvarying grimace of desperation, and most affects us in his death, fledged by arrows on a wall, transfixed sideways through the neck. Lady Macbeth does rather more with her hand-washing, and we hear of a still-born child. But it's neither Shakespeare nor best Japanese: Akira Kurosawa doesn't rise to the fierce ideals that ruled *Seven Samurai* and *Rashomon*, though the hand of a master is evident.

Welles, by the way, as actor and director, appears without benefit of press show at the Gaumont. Odd subterfuge; and one wonders who ordered it. *Touch of Evil* may not be best Welles, even as 'entertainment': like Graham Greene he has two levels, but has let the higher slide. This thriller is visually stirring, over-emphatic, muddled, rich in urban scenery of the Mexican border, and enlivened by a fantasy of gross men, culminating in Welles himself as a bloated police chief: a virtuoso performance, attended by all the story and camera tricks, that makes the film well worth seeing. But we can't help regretting the man who once boasted: 'I made this film, my name is Orson Welles'.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

REACTIONS TO THE BOMB

SIR,—There was scarcely anything more than a little gentle 'barracking' during the public part of the Labour Party-TUC meeting at St Pancras—the press stories were grossly exaggerated. And even during the 'question and answer session' Nye had, on the whole, a sympathetic audience. Rightly, because he made some very effective points. Emphasising the necessity for compromise, he said: 'Do not let us make the ultimate the enemy of the immediate'..

In my view the remark by Bevan that really angered many, if not most, of the delegates was that 'If we decided to repudiate the H-bomb on moral and ethical grounds, we should have to repudiate all the alliances based on them'. This was in line with his claim at Brighton last year that unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb by Britain would mean 'going naked into the conference chamber'. When I asked him how he could reconcile such statements with the fact that the alliances 'based on the H-bomb' were in fact established long before the H-bomb became a practical weapon and the fact that most of Britain's allies did not have the H-bomb, he said the brief answer was that weapons had changed.

Here I am sure that Bevan does *not* represent rank-and-file party opinion. If his words mean anything at all, they are a justification for giving H-bombs to France, Germany and anyone else who wants them, whereas in fact all the evidence is that Britain's possession of nuclear weapons has not increased her influence or her ability to exert pressure on the United States. We should gain, not lose, by abandoning the pretence that H-bombs mean strength for Britain, and the party would gain, not lose, by a frank recognition that in the mid-20th century Britain's ability to remain a great power depends on her readiness to assume the moral leadership for which the world is waiting.

ARTHUR SUPER

49 Clapton Common, E5

SIR,—Critic's comments on the Labour Party-TUC meeting at St Pancras at which Aneurin Bevan had a slightly rough ride covered only half the problem, namely the need to provide opportunity within the movement for serious discussion between those who are for and those who are against unilateral action on the manufacture and storage of nuclear weapons.

The other half of the problem was voiced by the delegate who urgently asked the simple question – 'What do you propose that we should *do* now about the tests?' But answer came there none. Perhaps it was not Aneurin Bevan's job to give the answer. If this was the case, he should have said nothing, but referred it immediately to the representatives of the London Labour Party who were sitting on the platform. But the tragedy of the day was that at no stage were any practical down-to-earth proposals for activity in support of Labour's policy put forward. Of course there are differences of opinion on ultimate policy, but Aneurin Bevan's case against the tests is indeed a massive one and if Labour would only launch a really major campaign on this key issue, half the problems and frustrations in the movement would vanish overnight.

P. SMITH

18 Oak Avenue
Uxbridge

SIR,—The position of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to the most important moral problem now confronting the human race ought surely not to be left in its present confused state.

Some years ago, when addressing an audience of doctors, the Pope was reported to have condemned the use of the H-bomb in any circumstances whatever. Recently, unless the newspaper I read misquoted him, the Archbishop of Westminster, Dr

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Godfrey, appears to have corrected His Holiness and condoned its use.

As the largest and most authoritarian Christian body in the world, with adherents on both sides of the iron curtain, the Roman Catholic Church, by an unequivocal condemnation of the bomb, could obviously do a great deal to advance the cause of human survival and world peace. All honour to the Pope for leading the way.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Stonar House
Deal, Kent

ARTISTS AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—One hopes that John Berger is right in supposing that artists are deeply concerned with the danger of the H-bomb. There seems to be some internal evidence of their concern to be found in contemporary painting itself. And if anyone survives to write the history of painting in our time, future generations may find in our visual arts a widespread manifestation of that curious hysteria which has swept across Europe, from time to time, with strange consequences for the arts. Historians call this tendency chiliasm, and it springs from the superstitious fear that the world is about to come to an end. It has been suggested that the imagery of Hieronymous Bosch is a product of chiliasm. But our own chiliasm differs significantly from the medieval form, for it is the product, not of a dread of supernational occurrences but of a practical terror, the sources of which are within our own control. A fair proportion of contemporary painting reflects the artist's fears, and in the current preoccupation with 'attack', with physical gesture and explosive accidentals, hysteria is much in evidence. Future art historians may well assume that the *avant-garde* in 1958 was deeply involved in protesting against the human condition under the threat of nuclear warfare. Maybe they will be right. But they will surely be rather surprised that, aside from their pictures, artists showed so little concern with the dangers themselves, made so little outcry, seemingly accepted so passively the fear beneath which they lived. These historians will surely be amazed to find in so influential a publication as the NEW STATESMAN only one short appeal to artists to protest verbally against this horror and that, tucked away under the general heading 'Voters and the H-Bomb', from a critic, not an artist.

True, artists are a disorganised lot and dislocated from society, and so on, concerned to make gestures on canvas, not in print, but they are also supposed to be concerned, more even than other voters, with the positive celebration of life and to be gifted with an imaginative vision which would enable them to see more clearly than others what nuclear warfare would mean. Surely it cannot be that they are gambling on being able to maintain their detachment, secure in the optimistic hope that only paint will dribble down the canvas and only oil will be splattered on the floor?

MICHAEL AYRTON

Bradfields
Toppesfield, Essex

[John Berger tells us that he has already had more than 150 replies to his appeal.—ED., *NS.*]

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BASE INGRATITUDE

SIR,—May I, as a member of a family half in and half out of the working class, assure Mr Dennis Potter that our eruption into Oxford *in itself* is not bound to lead to the frictions and embarrassments he describes? I would go even further than he in actually describing that society, for I think it has an artificiality which marks it out as something distinct from and infinitely more unpleasant than any 'natural' class system, owing to the fact that people try to eradicate the class differences that now occur in it, or rather try to shut them from their minds. But having said that, I believe we should, and if we really try, can keep our sanity in such an atmosphere.

First we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that no one can live the 'Oxford life' any longer, that what we have in its place is very largely a neurotic sham, and that anyone who thinks differently and tries to model himself on some Oxford ideal is living in a fool's paradise.

It is the false group-spirit we carry home with us in the vacations if we are not careful, not our real selves. Provided we remember this group-spirit *is* false, we can make an effort to be ourselves, wherever we are. The alternative, as I see it, can only be a split personality—which it is hardly the purpose of higher education to produce.

Personally, I am more concerned by far to do my duty by those at home than be absorbed heart and soul by Oxford—if indeed I have to make such a simple choice, which I do not accept for a moment. After two years I think I can still be 'myself', home *and* away.

I would be the first to admit that anyone who is naturally unsociable anyway has a distinct advantage in this respect. But the retention of one's identity should not be beyond the powers of any university-educated person. Perhaps, on the other hand, the reason why I am so unconcerned by the problem is that I am not a Socialist, and, indeed, rather approve of an hierarchic society.

J. E. PINNINGTON

Exeter College
Oxford

STEEL AND THE NATION

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr Hughes's letter replying to mine and would like to assure him that I have read, with interest and attention if not with agreement, his pamphlet on steel nationalisation. I cannot accept his argument that in considering the contribution of the steel industry to exports one should deduct imports of ore and scrap. Would Mr Hughes apply the same argument to, say, the oil refining industry, which imports all its raw materials, or to the cotton industry? I repeat what seems to me to be the basic point of the export side of the picture, namely that in terms of value more than half our exports today are based upon products of the iron and steel industry.

In criticising the industry's speed of post-war expansion I think Mr Hughes has fallen into what has become a common error, namely to forget the degree to which the war, and certainly the two years after it, were a brake on industrial development.

The post-war development of the iron and steel industry was governed by the capacity of the plant makers, and Mr Hughes may recall that it was the Socialist government who exhorted them to export the maximum amount of plant. The answer is that, subject to this governing factor, the industry got on with its post-war redevelopment at a remarkably high speed. Mr Hughes quotes from the Iron and Steel Board Report on obsolete plant. He does not mention that only Class D, responsible for a very small percentage, was described by the Board as 'obsolete'. Class C was described as 'plant well below the average but capable of some years of useful life in conditions of high demand'. The Board also said that 'even the present proportions of really unsatisfactory plant are not high'.

Mr Hughes contends that home ore supplies have not been developed as they should have been. In point of fact the production of steel on the Midlands ore fields has grown from £1¼ million tons in 1946 to £3¼ million tons in 1957.

Mr Hughes quotes from the *Economist* on the powers of the Iron and Steel Board. I hope he has kept up with his reading of this journal because only last week it said: 'This board already has considerable influence over the industry's prices, production, investment research and exports. In fact, in dealing with the private enterprise steelmakers, that influence is now more effective than any the former nationalised corporation ever had.'

JOHN BAKER WHITE

Lower Hardres
Nr Canterbury

LABOUR AND EDUCATION

SIR,—We should be grateful to Critic for his reference to the Labour Party's 'schemozzle about education policy', especially with regard to the future of the public schools.

The dilemma arises primarily from the fact that the party has never really made up its mind whether its conception of democracy and its political objective is merely the development of a bigger and better elite or the creation of an educated democratic community.

The party's proposals regarding secondary education will obviously depend on its answer to this question. It is unfortunate, though quite understandable, that the post-war Labour governments did not have time really to think out education policy. As a result, apart from the Labour-controlled LCC, the party has done little in the secondary field except intensify and improve the machinery of the Balfour Act of 1902, which introduced the idea of the free place system and the selective grammar school.

If the party feels that the idea of creating an educated democracy in England is utopian, the only logical course would be to abandon the development of comprehensive secondary schools and, swallowing whole Lord Balfour's conception of democracy as an enlarged elite, accept 'Fleming's plus' with the introduction of the free place system into the public schools.

I cannot understand any Socialist contemplating for one moment such a development. I am old enough to remember the introduction of the 1902 Act. One of its ostensible aims was to bring the benefits of higher education within reach of the future leaders of the working-class movement. But the most startling result of the Act has been the extraordinary number of able children born into working-class homes whom it has educated out of organic contact with the working-class movement altogether. As a result, after 56 years of Balfourism in education the workers' organisations are still almost entirely controlled and maintained by men and women who left

school at 14—an amazing tribute to the innate capacity of the British people for political and industrial discipline and organisation.

I cannot believe that anyone of decisive influence in the party seriously proposes to lead us up the garden path of Flemingism. I am convinced that the possibility of creating a really democratic community through the comprehensive secondary school has caught the imagination of the rank and file of the party. The experiments we have made in Bristol in this direction give us every ground for confidence. Nothing could be more disheartening to Labour-controlled LEAs than an extension of government subsidies to help still more people to 'contract out' from the splendid education service now being provided by so many local councils.

R. ST JOHN READE

3 Oakland Road
Bristol.

FRAMES FOR BIG BUSINESS

SIR,—Your new architectural correspondent's down-to-earth approach is most welcome. It is indeed incomprehensible how architects, masquerading as progressive, consider functional and economic development as derogatory. Surely, what is efficient and economical for 'dirty' big business is also efficient and economical for public administration. I fail to understand why public money can be squandered, because it is not looked after carefully, while on the other hand when 'developers' insist on economic efficiency this is considered ethically improper.

Surely it should not be the economic efficiency the so-called progressives should object to, but the financial manipulations connected with development, but that is another story. The economics of buildings for whomever they are carried out is the ratio of enclosed space to useable space. This equation means for the developer so much money spent per cubic foot of building, so much money received per square foot of lettable space, and for the public authority again, the amount of money spent per cubic foot to the amount of space usable as classrooms, dwellings, office space, etc., whatever the case may be. Somebody should tell the self-styled 'socially conscious' architects about the facts of life and jolt them out of their fairyland of make-believe, and that is what your architectural correspondent is doing.

ERNÖ GOLDFINGER

69-70 Piccadilly, W1

NEWS OR FEATURES?

SIR,—It is difficult to justify the assertion made by Francis Williams that the American press is no longer interested in news, but is obsessed with features.

The principal difference in the editorial content of British and American newspapers is that Britain, dominated by a tabloid 'human interest' and a personality conscious press, is fed with a continual stream of stories culled from pub gossip by indefatigable reporters, whereas the American, with few exceptions, receives a few pages of straight and detailed news reporting, backed by an assortment of features. The American press does, in actual fact, carry far more news than ours.

The sub-editor's instructions 'A.O.T.' ('Any Old Time') refer to a particular type of feature, generally known as a 'featuresque'. This is provided by the wire-services and is not meant to be read but to be placed opposite advertisements—on the back pages so a higher advertising rate can be charged. It has no effect on the news pages, and few readers, unless they like advertisements, ever get as far as the 'A.O.T.' pages.

My impression is that the danger threatening our press, which is already present in America, is the dominance of the wire-services, who have a virtual monopoly on reporting and on whom the entire American press is almost completely reliant. The triumvirate of the wires give rise to a dull uniformity in newspaper production, lazy news policies, as the sub-editors have but to write headlines and mark printers' instructions. In many places newspapers have ceased to use ideas or to do anything but set up in type what comes over the teleprinters.

MARTIN PAGE

4 St Edward's Passage
Cambridge

MALE DRESS

SIR,—May I be allowed to explain the two points Mr Raymond Postgate queries in his kind review of my book on male dress, *The Peacock's Tail*?

Oo bird. However unlikely it may appear in cold print, there were such birds, whose feathers were esteemed so precious in Hawaii that they were reserved for royal ceremonial mantles. One such cape, worn in the early 19th century by King Kamehameha III, is on display in the Smithsonian Museum, Washington DC, whence I quoted the details.

Sioux Chieftain's Headdress. The source of this story is a *New Yorker* factual editorial on the sources of designs used for American dollar bills. To me it perfectly illustrates the conflicting attitudes towards personal valour and dignity of the American Indians and the white settlers, one of the commonest causes of friction between them.

I feel sure Mr Postgate would be the first to appreciate that a Sioux chieftain's *amour propre* could be as dependent on his military right to wear the feathers appropriate to his rank, as is Mr Postgate's on the question of the delicacy of his palate for claret.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Threepenny Novel

HERE is the transposition of Brecht's famous *Dreigroschenoper* into prose narrative. It is his only venture into prose fiction. It is not precisely 'the book of the film' for it stands or, rather, sprawls and staggers on its own feet. Brecht's talent owed a great deal to folk tale, and while he escaped from the garrulity of folk writing into the economy and wit of the theatre, in the novel he sinks back into it. Vitality makes him endlessly talkative, gossiping and exhaustive. The immense detail of this book, its slow, childlike motion, its monotonous moral, even its sardonic flatness kill memory as one reads. Still, the experiment has originality. Brecht skilfully imports his stage soliloquies into the satire, and has a gift for double-talk as dramatic as Shaw's. He also has his talent for the grotesque: the scenes where the naked businessmen discuss their swindles and eye one another's deplorable figures in a Turkish bath are very funny. As a propagandist, Brecht avoids the usual mistake of introducing a virtuous character. There is no over-proposed figure, clumping through like an ambulatory statue. Instead of the virtuous, he gives us Fewkoombey, the silent, one-legged soldier, society's naive and ignorant victim, an uncomprehending witness of his own misfortunes, dreaming of a day of judgment. And there is one more excellent point in the conception of the book: Brecht understands that, in the society he describes, the poor are rarely visible. They are hidden because they are sick to death or are working.

Even the most casual reader of German literature notices how much it likes to hark back to the folk and how near the folk-tale is to the surface of the modern imagination. Brecht seized upon *The Beggar's Opera* because it celebrated low life and showed the popular imagination in the process of creating a myth. He saw that it was in a sense a revolutionary work. The myth sprang out of the career of Jonathan Wild, gangster, fence and thief-taker and Peachum was drawn directly from him. Roguery was the obverse side, perhaps the casualty of Puritan success. One difficulty for the English reader of Brecht's novel is that the mind cannot stop side-slipping into recollections, not so much of *The Beggar's Opera,* but of Fielding. At first, Brecht's decision to transfer the time to the London of the Boer War seems eccentric. It is as if he had drifted into the merely picturesque, was conveniently turning his head from the stronger meat of German imperialism and disaster and seeking something on a smaller scale. On second thoughts, the choice of time and place seems shrewd. As a Communist, Brecht saw that the crisis in the life of the 'little man' or petit bourgeois was reached at the beginning of the century when the chain-store and the combines were ruining or swallowing up all the defiant little Pollys and Kippses. Individualism had turned mackerel and had got in among the truculent little sprats. But when we turn back again from Brecht to Fielding and test the two satires for astringency and edge, we find that Fielding is the better hater. Brecht's blow is diffused over a system. Fielding's is aimed at a politician, for his theory that 'great' men are great rogues is directed at Walpole. Of the two men of the theatre turned novelist, Fielding is the more concentrated, theatrical and directly stinging.

The *Threepenny Novel** is a satire on the evolution of capitalism and on the nineteenth-century theory that we are all equally given our talent in order to increase it, even at the expense of others, for the fittest must survive. Peachum, the fence, organises the London beggars, supplying them with faked injured limbs, hungry dogs, pathetic musical instruments; there is profit even in misery and the miserable like this to be so. The weak get a certain perverse pleasure – this is a recurring theme – from being overcome by the strong. The sexy Polly Peachum, however, is brought up in purity and innocence, but, trained in hypocrisy, is careful not to let herself know whether she is still a virgin or not. Married, she *feels* conventionally faithful even when she is not. Brecht's small traders are experts in duplicity; they talk themselves round in their absurd soliloquies. Peachum advances from his control of beggary, to speculation in rotten troopships. This involves him with a group of partners who swindle him; only a timely murder saves him. (It doesn't save the troops; they go down to the tune of patriotic speeches and a bishop's moralisings.) He meets MacHeath, a man of many aliases, who has begun his career as Jack the Knife. A street robber, burglar, controller of burglars, he had gone into the retail trade because it overcomes the notorious difficulty of getting rid of stolen goods. We watch his reluctant advance from crime to wealth via respectability. Up till now he has crudely stolen and turned in a certain number of burglars to the police; his bride's dresses, the furniture for their wedding reception at Nunhead, have all been burgled a day or two before. But Brown, a police officer at Scotland Yard, tells him he has gone too far when he steals new and more efficient tools for burglary from a Police exhibition, and reproaches him for being out of date. Brecht excels in the comedy of shady dialogue and hypocritical innuendo. Brown says:

> You say that your business must first be got into a condition that will attract the banks. Well, get them into this condition. Why didn't you come and see me? If it's disagreeable to you to take money from a friend, then pay me interest? Pay me more interest than you would to another person – twenty, or even for all I care, twenty-five per cent. Then the favour will be on your side. . . .

Brown owes his promotion to the convictions MacHeath supplies him with. MacHeath is 'deeply moved' by this speech:

> In such a situation an embarrassed look spoke more than an embrace.

MacHeath borrows from Brown, Brown has to raid a few brothels and clubs to collect the sum required; MacHeath finds the pay of the girls at his favourite haunt in Tonbridge has been cut and that they are annoyed. MacHeath's impression of life is that it never goes right. For a delightful aspect of this hectic system, in which everyone steals from everyone, is that people get so genuinely upset about it all. Peachum passes for the most hard done by man on earth; he is worried to death by his dirty deals but not, of course, in conscience. MacHeath is ludicrously prone to hysteria, weeping, moral indignation, to flights of eloquence about the beauties of salesmanship. He goes wringing his hands to his wives, mistresses and whores, who sympathise and console even as they continue their infidelities; he lives in a warm bath of mistrustful sentimentality, thinking only of how to fight competition, win a price war, take revenge on a partner, get control of a board, a combine – how in the end, to get the key position of all and the crown of respectability: the directorship of a bank.

A weakness in the construction of the book is the lack of any real need for both Peachum and MacHeath. They duplicate each other, as martyrs of free enterprise, and are connected in the story merely by MacHeath's secret marriage to Polly. Admittedly this leads to a good deal of comedy and to one important item of the theme: that the bourgeois will sacrifice his daughter, his wife, or his child to his business necessities. If Peachum can make MacHeath divorce Polly, she can marry Coax who will then release Peachum from his ruinous financial grip. MacHeath is a man of talent; these things are not a matter of meaning to him, but of timing. In this and in every episode, Brecht shows a love of detail that can only be called feverish. He is consumed by love of intrigue; only an accountant could follow the financial ramifications of Brecht's story. He invents obstacles, provisos and false hopes for every phase of a deal. When MacHeath or Peachum are worried to death, they can't stay still. They go a little mad. They take pointless bus rides round London, they stamp the streets; one moment they are in Battersea, the next in Nunhead. They dash off to pick up a rumour in a Turkish bath, talk business as the masseur thumps them, or while they are in bed with their mistresses. Egoists, they are perpetually craving for sympathy. There is an effect of dour, circumstantial phantasmagoria, pouring out like smuts from the London chimneys; through it we hear the incessant, monkey chatter of self-interest.

Brecht's novel is a parable extending the theme that the puritan and the rogue are opposite sides of the same coin. As a parable with modern significance it lacks a crucial element: it imagines that society is composed only of dealers and merchants. Producers of goods are left out. Shaw's satire was bolder, less sordid but more realistic. But Brecht has more tenderness and humanity; he understands the indolence, the frantic bewilderment of human beings. Something pitiable and contemptible obliges them to cover up their greed and make hang-dog moral gestures and speeches. He is sharp at picking up the signs of shame-faced-

* *Threepenny Novel.* By BERTOLT BRECHT. Translated by DESMOND VESEY; verse by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Arco: Bernard Hanison.* 21s.

ness – and we smile, for example, at the trader who, when he is ruined, grins with stupid pleasure when he hears that worse has befallen his partners. All the same, satire is a forced business, allegory palls and parables exasperate; we cannot stand them unrelieved for long. Intellectual outrage, the laughter of hatred, depend on a short-term dramatic effectiveness. They weary and weaken when spun out to the full length of a novel. Where the *Threepenny Novel* succeeds is in those scenes which would have been good theatre: the bankruptcy in the Turkish baths, the humbug of the company meeting, the hypocritical love passages, the touches of melodrama at the docks, MacHeath's burglarious preparations for his wedding or his impertinent triumph in prison. But to present human beings at the novelist's length, and with the novelist's literalness, as being totally engaged in unrelieved hypocrisy and cunning, all the time, tritely belittles the range of human wickedness. We have gone far beyond that. Rage dies down and we discover the sentimentalist beneath the satirist. The ballad translations by Christopher Isherwood are brutally good.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Lovers

You and I have seen them in doorways, darkness,
clutching, as dreading some disaster
in a world not theirs; not that a kiss
wrestled in raincoats makes the end come faster;
not that their world's less terrible than this.

Looked at through her hair in semi-darkness,
pressure rising inside, outside, this
boding rain is surely breaking faster –
the tears are everywhere – into disaster
than their sustaining power to kill, to kiss.

And we could be mistaken, you and I
looking past them, hurrying past the scene:
when they survive the hurried deaths we die
and leave proud tokens where they catch the eye,
we hurry past, and hate what we have seen.

FRANK LISSAUER

The Oystercatchers

So luminous around them lay the air,
The wavebeat died; rocks in the bay below
Retrieved their shadows, shrank to nothingness.
And here they flew, unerringly as souls; it seemed
The body's beauty died and they remembered
Only the dazzling wrists that launched them once.
In upward vertical flight,
Black M upon white M the wings' twin boomerangs
Fought the full blast of western ocean wind.
In level flight their voices rose like flutes,
Imposing on the air a sudden shape;
Short cries, unshaded, liquid, lingering
An instant overhead, and then clean gone.
That black and white, by phantom definition
Anchored in emptiness, gave, almost one
supposed,
Gave off the calm so luminous around them.
As bodies they could shed all trammeling,
More eager with their shape's precision move
For having mastered so their own harsh element,
Mastered the shrouding armies of the wind,
And launched in space another, wilder song.

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON

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RUPERT HART-DAVIS

The End of Two Legends

Mr Baruch. By MARGARET L. COIT. *Gollancz.* 42*s.*

The Mist Procession. By LORD VANSITTART. *Hutchinson.* 35*s.*

Here are two books about men who became legends. Lord Vansittart is remembered as a British Cato who preached the destruction of German militarism; Bernie Baruch as a kind of millionaire Diogenes, who set himself down on a park bench in Lafayette Square, Washington, and waited for Presidents to ask his advice. In both cases there is a gap between the popular myth of greatness and the reality of failure and disappointment. Those who picture the founder of Vansittartism as an austere public servant and profound student of Europe, thwarted by his unappreciative political masters, will be disconcerted by the ornate, almost unreadable autobiography which he had almost completed before his death. Mr Baruch, of course, is still very much alive, and some years ago engaged a professional and very earnest historian to study his private papers and compose his public hagiography. But when the 800-page work was almost finished, the imprimatur was suddenly withheld. Presumably Mr Baruch at the last moment realised that what Miss Margaret Coit had written would puncture the reputation which he had been so carefully inflating for half a century.

I strongly recommend *Mr Baruch: The Man, The Myth, The Eighty Years* – but only to those who can stomach a piece of serious research purpled with clichés and distended to inordinate length by chunks of 'vivid contemporary background'. Yet embedded in these marshy tracts of journalese are to be found all the small flinty facts which history will bother to record about the phoniest famous figure in modern American history. Born in 1870, Baruch was the handsome son of a Jewish Confederate doctor in South Carolina. He has always cultivated his Southern connections; and he still entertains Jimmy Byrnes, Sir Winston and his other friends in old-world Southern style at his Baronry of Hobcaw. His legend, however, is that of the Wall Street millionaire who set himself up as the first example of that uniquely American institution, the free-enterprise public servant. Baruch, in fact, is the fount from which derive all those dollar-a-year executives who lend their services to the government because they believe with Charlie Wilson that what is good for General Motors must be good for the United States as well.

The only occasion on which he accepted political office was when Woodrow Wilson made him Chairman of the War Industries Board in March 1918. Ten days after the Armistice, however, he resigned, and since then, with the aid of a large staff of experts, he has been proffering advice to successive Presidents. Miss Coit records some examples of his wisdom. At the Versailles Conference he advised Wilson that American loans should only be made on condition that they were used for purchases from American nationals. In 1946 he was still an America-firster, warning Mr Truman that

> relief funds should only be given to non-Socialistic nations. Payments should be doled out, not handed out in a lump sum. Then in case of a change of Government they could be stopped. So instead of giving millions to a Socialistic British Government why could not the money be lent directly to private British industry, and then we would get it back?

Soon afterwards he was made chairman of the committee which took over the Acheson-Lilliental proposals for international control of atomic energy, and transformed them into the famous Baruch Plan. Once again his concern was to protect American interests against the foreigner. Finding the Plan 'far too soft', he stiffened up the security requirements so that the last chance of Russian acceptance was removed. No wonder that he is one of the claimants to co-authorship of Sir Winston's Fulton speech. Baruch's wisdom has always consisted in popularising the current prejudices of America's top people. If he had been born an Englishman, he would have got a peerage for public services early and spent the rest of his life writing letters to *The Times*.

Sir Robert Vansittart had his share of personal losses and public disappointments, but his life, too, was pampered by Providence. An idyllic Victorian childhood and golden schooldays at Eton led up to a decade of Edwardian philandering for the gifted young diplomat who could essay to write plays in French as well as verse in English. World War I and the Peace Conference steadied him – and at once success came quite effortlessly, when Baldwin made him his Private Secretary and Ramsay MacDonald kept him on at No. 10. After that it was natural that he should be promoted over the heads of abler colleagues. As Permanent Secretary, he fought appeasement until he was kicked upstairs by Lord Halifax and achieved popular acclaim by his anti-German writings during World War II.

His unfinished autobiography is, of course, an important book, but it is much too long and appallingly over-written. He had worked at it for years, loading his sentences with so much *fin de siècle* brilliance that his narrative is halted by the sheer weight of verbal paste. Sometimes the brilliants are genuine. On Balfour:

> It was hopeless to avoid devotion to A. J. B., and I never tried. A great gentleman unaware, his manners were perfect except to foreigners. Small matter to me that he viewed events with the detachment of a choir-boy at a funeral service.

On T. E. Lawrence: 'Too big for a cherub, too small for an angel, too angry for either'. But more often he only achieves a sub-Maughamy smartness. 'Eden's appearance went far to ensure that he would get what he wanted, and that was a lot'; Mr T. S. Eliot was 'a new poet who sounded like prose'. Even Sir Winston is not spared:

> He retained touching hopes of reconciling France and Germany, and hung on to them even after the second war. In the wilderness he was sorry for himself, so I was sorry for him. . . . A lone voice can accomplish nothing, and in the last analysis a British public servant can do little to serve the State. We both pegged away, he with orations, I with comments and memoranda.

'Mine is a story of failure,' Lord Vansittart observes, but *The Mist Procession* reveals that he never admitted the real cause of its failure which was in himself. In everything he did he was brilliant as an amateur, but second-rate when judged by the highest standards, to which he aspired. The composition of this work and the verses with which it is spotted both prove that this is not too harsh a judgment on his literary pretensions. But it applies equally to his role at the Foreign Office. He combined violent prejudice (Baldwin quite rightly warned him against hysteria), volatility of mind and a fatal capacity for accepting charlatans as reliable sources of information. For chapter after chapter I could not think of what *The Mist Procession* reminded me, until its reiterated laudation of things past and heavily capsulated cynicism suddenly recalled Tacitus. Here is an inferior imitation of the most mannered product of Rome's Silver Age. Vansittart, too, looked back nostalgically to an Augustan world, whose decline he dated from 4 August 1914, and noted with the same perverse satisfaction and synthetic rage the signs of dishonour, decadence and imbecility which he saw in almost everyone around him.

Of course it must be read; but judged as the author wished it to be judged, as an enduring contribution to British diplomatic history, *The Mist Procession* is pretentious and second-rate. It is also, I think, the end of a Legend.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

'Fresh and unforgettable'

wrote **Kenneth Young,** reviewing *Young Man in the Sun* in the "Daily Telegraph", '—Mr. Greave tells his tale of Lucky Jim in Calcutta with wit and a sparkling clarity that produces a fresh and unforgettable picture of the underside of that great city.'

Pamela Hansford Johnson:
'Very funny and touching, written precisely but without the least affectation. His things and persons fairly jump with life.' (*N.S.*)

The Times:
'Actively, positively funny. The young man has the pathos of the true clown.'

Yorkshire Post:
'Constantly delightful.'

Oxford Mail:
'The brilliant originality lies in his setting. The evocation of that smelly, exciting city is as lively as an eel, as definite as a tombstone.'

Young man in the sun

by PETER GREAVE

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (15s)

The Singing Englishman

The Idiom of the People. Edited by JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Now Jack Hall was sold to a sweep for a guinea and hanged for a burglary at Marble Arch, and Urquhart of Craigston was married to Elizabeth Innes at fourteen but he died soon after leaving her lonely, and an Irishman from the 69th Foot Regiment – a troop of odds and sods who one time served as Marines – laid and left a Hazelbury girl, and nowadays men are bought, sold, discreetly hanged, high-born women suffer love, shop-girls are left, soldiers come and go, and one difference between the first three and the latter horde is that nobody makes up a song over their pain, or if he does it's 'art' and who cares?

The core of this book is care for, and knowledge about, the conditions and temperament of others. It is one of the few books of poetry with this

theme to have been published for a hundred years or more. Its substance, 115 rural songs with certain variants, has been taken from the fourteen handwritten volumes of English song and ballad words which are the bulk of Cecil Sharp's MSS. Mr Reeves had 2,356 pages from which to make his selection. The book contains not one dud, and is an achievement for which he will be remembered.

Sharp has been dead for thirty-four years and why have we been obliged to wait that long for a perfect book? Mr Reeves spends nine pages on this subject, reminding us about the violent prudery which characterised Sharp's fellow literates: rampant within song-collectors like Baring-Gould who actually destroyed, yes, *destroyed* forever some of the lyrics he was told; passive in Sharp who, adopting the prejudices of his class, either changed or left unpublished the words of the people who sang to him. This process was called 'softening'. Those who bother comparing the true and the false will see how the word describes the behaviour, plain.

The songs contain a number of overt references to fornication and pregnancy. In every case these are qualified by the delicate or boisterous approach of the lyric, and when matched with their tunes could shame only a peevish adult or a hot cuckold. Aside from their beauty – which is great, and their ethic – which is constant, these songs give us insight concerning the subjects held dear by rural Englishmen, minus an uncertain body of Squires and their relatives. The insight satisfactorily refutes the image created by romantic authoritarians in which a law-abiding, beer-swilling, smelly old yokel plonks down his silver tanner, tugs at his forelock and looks wise.

The great majority of songs in this book and Sharp's MSS. are love-songs. The theme of physical love is managed with variety and gracious amorality. Sport, patriotism, and the Hero are suitably ignored; home life and the family don't inspire much; mysticism, superstition, and the expressions of religion are rare. The poacher is celebrated, not the hunter; the outlaw, not the Lord Mayor; the lover, not the father; not General or Admiral, but soldier or sea-captain. The simplest way to detect the hack-and-jingo work of city-boys, as it penetrates and finally ousts this tradition, is through subject-matter. A song about Nelson is Commons' propaganda.

This singing part of our tradition is dead. The communities that created these songs are broken up. If proof was lacking, the fact that no one among us can write a thing with this clarity:

> There's not a swish goes round my waist
> Nor a comb goes in my hair
> Neither fire light nor candle light
> Can ease my heart's despair –

or this sadness:

> I sowed some seed all in some grove
> All in some grove there grows no seed –

is terrible proof enough. Young poets – and not so young poets – failing to get and make this book their midnight darling, do so at peril; while the loyal who buy newly published verse it will sustain till poetry revives in us.

In his introduction Mr Reeves points out that his book is a modest beginning. 'The ideal,' he says, 'is a great national collection of songs giving authentic texts of both words and tunes, with all important variants.' Add to this the songs recorded, and issued as part of the collection, and it becomes a noble and suitable project for our first Socialist Government to sponsor as one of their cultural duties.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Food of Love

The Royal Albert Hall. By RONALD W. CLARK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

Personal Recollections of Arnold Dolmetsch. By MABEL DOLMETSCH. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

Star On the Door. By MAGGIE TEYTE. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

Three sensible books that know where they are going and get there, though Mabel Dolmetsch is perhaps a pinch breathless on arrival.

> Impressively grand! Majestic! Unique!
> Design of which all approvingly speak.
> Its beauty of form, its true graceful lines
> A charm to behold, our taste it refines.

Mr Clark has unearthed for us this loyal tribute to the Albert Hall from a former box-office assistant, and much else besides in a book of great interest. The activities housed there were infinitely varied. One day, there might be a Military Tournament, with bayonet-fighting, lance-exercises, and a sheep's carcase bisected by a sword in mid-air: the next morning would find wretched examinees chewing their pens over the Indian Civil Service examination. Wagner conducted, Patti sang, Clara Butt rattled the seats with 'Land of Hope and Glory'. The world's biggest Union Jack was displayed (20,000 square feet) and the Shah of Persia obligingly sat on a dais at a concert (£1,822 profit), ditto the Emperor of all the Russias (£2,754). There was the famous Savage Club Ball, with the members disguised as Red Indians (one said to be sporting real scalps) and with Royalty gazing enraptured at the Chief Savage's gorget of waipiti teeth. At a gathering of the National Temperance League, after a protest on behalf of Britain's 60,000 barmaids, a choir of young girls rose and sang

> The House of Commons, as we see,
> Has spoken out decisively,
> Securing a majority
> Against all Sunday boozing.
> Come, aid us to remove this blot,
> And strike the iron while 'tis hot,
> With Temperance men cast in your lot,
> And work for Sunday closing.

A proposal to link the Hall with South Kensington Station by means of what would have looked like the longest public lavatory in the world (980 yards) happily fell through, and meantime the Suffragettes found the political meetings irresistible: Laura Ainsworth hid under the platform, another dedicated lady crammed herself into an organ pipe with a collapsible megaphone, and Helen Ogston skirmished most valiantly in the balcony, flicking at the stewards with a dog-whip.

The picture on the front of *Personal Recollections of Arnold Dolmetsch* shows a rather farouche Arnold, bearded and with super-abundant chevelure, twanging a sizeable lute. Further illustrations abound of relatives and associates in period rig: there are Mabel at the medieval harp, Eleanor Calhoun in an arresting gown, Carl at the recorder, Florence Farr with her psaltery, small Dolmetsches scraping, blowing and plucking, and Arnold, Arnold everywhere. Philistine hearts may sink at the spectacle of musicians in antique togs clutching ancient instruments and settling to their grisly tasks, but the great debt of the musical world to the Dolmetsch family is here made plain, from the earliest days when the natives of Bloomsbury journeyed out to catch Elodie Désirée on the harpsichord and Hélène Dolmetsch at the viola da gamba. Later, in

Monday 1

The novel you will eventually read

Dunbar's Cove

BORDEN DEAL'S

great novel on the conflict between the individual and the State.

'He is at home in Faulkner's world, but he brings to it a fresh spirit, a sense that twentieth century values are at long last taking the place of the old Confederate standards ... It gives his book strength and fire.' —NEW YORK TIMES

'The warm, sensuous, affectionate description of the Dunbars' daily and seasonal life is very well done indeed.' —THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Monday 2

Tale of a Whistling Shrimp

VLADIMIR B. GRINIOFF

A jumping cracker of comic invention, satirizing Soviet bureaucracy with yet a loving eye on mad, magnificent Mother Russia.

The Golden Valley

COLIN MURRY

'This first novel is the sort to attract superlatives.' — THE TIMES

'The nearest thing to which I can compare this book is Colette's *Le Blé en Herbe*, which is no small compliment.' —DAILY TELEGRAPH

The Ocean Crossing

JOHN SYKES

'the struggle of an intelligent, sensitive woman to free herself from the amiable, phlegmatic husband whom she loves ... sets the pace of this authentic novel.' —THE SPHERE

Hutchinson University Library

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K. M. P. BURTON

A study of the preachers, philosophers, satirists, scientists, historians and political writers.

Hutchinson

America, there was a Charles Adams (but with one 'd').

Mabel was Arnold's third wife. ('He one day laid aside his lute to declare his love for me.') The idea of marrying her revered teacher proved unsettling. ('Turning a sickly white, I reeled backwards against the wall.') However, all turned out splendidly and here is her fitting tribute to him as pioneer, explorer and restorer of sections of music that might have perished without his attentions. Nothing musical appears ever to have daunted the Dolmetsches, not even a performance of a work called *Sakuntula*, translated from the Sanskrit, given in a tropical hot-house in the Botanical Gardens with an all-Indian cast with the pleasing addition of Elodie Désirée as a handmaiden.

If only Mrs Dolmetsch were as gifted with the pen as with the violone: small waves are wavelets, houses are domains or abodes, children are progeny, and picnics require one to be 'laden with comestibles'. She even manages to make Arnold's death, in his eighties, seem slightly ludicrous:

> More strange yet was another sudden effort whereby he rose from his bed and, putting his violin in order, began to play most sweetly. I was resting at the moment, and, being awakened by these ravishing sounds, came running to discover whence they proceeded. Encouraged by this temporary renewal of strength, he insisted on grasping a trapeze and pulling himself up and down to strengthen his arms, thereby breaking a blood vessel, from which injury he did not recover.

Can it be at all widely known that Maggie Teyte once invented a fire-extinguisher 'which was taken up by the British Admiralty', or that she registered a golfing victory over the famous Francis Ouimet, or that Maeterlinck had a passion for fisticuffs and bred bulldogs? Such information enlivens Miss Teyte's most agreeable autobiography, *Star On the Door*. Before she became the star, she was little Margaret Tate, who sang for Madame Albani in the Caledonian Hotel and received a sharp note from Bernard Shaw, complaining of the noise. Jean de Reszke ensured that her noises became nicer, and Tate became Teyte, to discourage the French from calling her Mlle Tatt (however, Teyte was Tite to the Americans). Singing careers were not without their hazards:

> One morning I was summoned to meet the Director of the Opera in his office at ten o'clock. After a short conversation on some trivial topic, I was suddenly flung backwards on to a sofa that stood against one wall. This came quite without warning, and I was taken entirely by surprise, especially at ten o'clock in the morning.

Shrieks of *Ouvrez la porte* saved the day. 'In an opera house you meet Life with a capital L'.

Student singers will find a mass of helpful and expert information in this book and the ups and downs of a songbird's life are clearly shown. (Miss Teyte once cried for two hours behind an upright until comforted by an accompanist called Mlle Mange-Petit.) It is invariably a mistake for performers to quote their press notices: there is nothing more dead; and at one point Miss Teyte speaks of 'the pale, beautiful hands of the pianist'. Can this be quite right? So often the most expensive pianists' hands look like nothing so much as bunches of muscled, stumpy, purposeful, beef sausages.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Secker & Warburg

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THOMAS MANN

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—EDWIN MUIR in *New Statesman*.

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COMING IN JULY

The Ironic German

ERICH HELLER

A full-scale study of the works of Thomas Mann by the author of *The Disinherited Mind*. 25*s*.

Chu Teh

The Great Road: The Life and Times of Chu Teh. By AGNES SMEDLEY. *Calder*. 35*s*.

Few people, whatever their political persuasion, can have seen a photograph of the stocky peasant figure and shrewd, wrinkled, almost simian features of Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Liberation Army, without warming a little to its rugged charm. His story far exceeds the promise of his face. Much of it reads like a picaresque novel. Chu was born into a large peasant family in western Szechwan in 1886. His family starved themselves to educate him, so that he might become an official and protect them from landlords and tax-collectors; but he broke their hearts by becoming first a physical training instructor and then a soldier. Disillusioned by the collapse into warlordism of the 1911 Revolution, he sank for a time into an opium torpor. Later he cured himself and went off, on the savings from his pay as a general, to study in Germany, with promise of a job when he got back on the general staff of a local warlord. In Berlin he met Chou En-lai and joined the Communist Party. Back in China, after a year's desperate fighting for the Revolution in Kiangsi, he met and joined forces with Mao Tse-Tung in 1928, and thereafter became the devoted military half of the famous Red bandit chieftain, Chu Mao.

Chu Teh's story was taken down by Agnes Smedley in off-duty evening sessions at Yenan in the spring and summer of 1937. The old warhorse seems to have been a trifle impatient at first, but was soon captured and tamed by the indomitable lady. The story he told her is completely fascinating. Whether he is tramping the streets of Berlin and doggedly acquiring a liking for Beethoven, writing poetry, singing revolutionary songs to his own accompaniment on the harmonium, dancing Virginia Reels, or a veteran general at the end of a busy day, giving cookery tips to an audience of women trainees, it is the enormous, passionate zest of the man which impresses.

He is much older than one had imagined. The stories of the Faithful Prince and the Taiping Rebellion which he heard open-mouthed as a small boy from the lips of the old weaver – himself a survivor of the Taipings' last stand – somehow connect him with a remote, heroic past. And the story of his youth and middle years provides an excellent key to that extraordinarily complicated period between 1911 and 1927 when Chinese history becomes a shifting kaleidoscope of double-crossing leaders and local wars.

It is no fault either of the author or of the editors that the book collapses rather suddenly about three-quarters of the way through. Agnes Smedley was never able to complete her evening sessions with the General, and died abroad with only a rough draft of her incomplete notes achieved; and her notebooks for the years 1931-1934 appear to have been lost. The editors have done their best; and even with its unavoidable patchiness, this is probably the best work on the Chinese Revolution since Snow's *Red Star Over China*.

DAVID HAWKES

Torture

The Question. By HENRI ALLEG. Preface by JEAN-PAUL SATRE. *Calder*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

This sickening and intolerable book must yet be suffered and digested. Its effect in France has been immense. The French edition sold 60,000 copies in its first two weeks before it was seized by the police – the first book, as the publishers remind us, to be banned in France for political reasons since the 18th century. *The ancien régime* tried to suppress Voltaire's exposures of persecution and torture, and Diderot's *Encyclopædia*, which told the truth about clerical and political totalitarianism. And M. Mollet's France would like to stop people knowing what is being done to nationalists and democrats in Algeria today. M. Alleg, the editor of *Alger Républicain*, was known to be an honest man; no one, I think, seriously doubts his account of the tortures inflicted upon him by paratroops. He does not write for effect; he does not ask for pity. He only permits himself to explain, after his torturers were defeated: 'I suddenly felt proud and happy. I did not give in. I was now sure I could stand up if they started again, that I could hold out to the end, that I wouldn't make their job easier by killing myself'. Jean-Paul Sartre heads his remarkable preface 'A Victory'.

Alleg was 'questioned' exactly as men were questioned by the Spanish Inquisition. A man sat with a pad on his knee waiting for the moment when the victim's endurance would be exhausted. Disliking his screams, the torturers gagged him. At intervals the gag was removed and the question again put. It was always the same 'question'; the names of comrades whom he would not betray. So it went on day after day, during which he was tortured by burning, repeatedly brought to the edge of death by suffocation, and much of the time submitted to the electric torture which, in the hands of the Gestapo, was said during the war to be infallible. Attached to his nipples, his penis or his mouth, currents were passed through him so often and so terribly that he eventually became insensitive to pain. There is the one point in which his account of electric torture differs from George Orwell's in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

In the novel, as in reality, the pain could be regulated and stepped up until it became utterly intolerable. But it seems that in nature there is a limit – at least to the endurance of the torturers. They ended by congratulating him on being tough.

If this were all it would be enough, but it is only a beginning. He was reminded that he had a wife and child, that the same things could be done to them, and he knew of a case in which a man was made to talk by seeing his wife tortured before his eyes. Some of them seemed to be looking forward to coming to France to treat other French traitors in the same way. These young men were not Germans who could be accused of a peculiarly brutal past, nor Russians acting under Stalin's orders. They were the picked troops of a country which boasts of leading the world in civilisation. Such things, it seems, can happen anywhere. The young men of any country can be turned into gloating sadists. Not, probably, all or most of them, but enough, once those in authority let it be known that the 'enemy' is no longer to be regarded as human. There were all sorts in this jail – men who enjoyed every twitching of the helpless body strapped to the plank in front of them, wishing only to see him break up so that the fun could begin all over again with the next prisoner. (He was only one of an endless stream; torture was – no, I should say, is – a regular and everyday way of making patriots talk.) These men laughed and drank beer while they watched his agonies. There were others less strong in the stomach who carried in and out the planks, sticky with vomit and blood, with the victims strapped to them. There were even some innocents who shuddered with horror as they looked at the bleeding and heaving bodies. If there were any who revolted and did not take part, we don't know of them. The most mature was a philosophic torturer who, after they had tried to persuade Alleg to kill himself and had probably decided to kill him instead, suggested that he understood well enough that the victims would do the same things to him 'if the tables were turned', but 'thought he knew how to pick his risk'. There is indeed a terrible warning in this. Tortured and torturer, as Sartre says, are one. Who knows today whether they will have changed places tomorrow? I don't wonder that this book was seized or that M. Mollet's party is no longer anxious to form the government of France.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Compton's Plain Speaking

End of an Innings. By DENIS COMPTON. *Oldbourne.* 15*s.*

If Mr Compton had been anything but a cricketer and were writing about any world but the last green oasis of peace and goodwill, his comments on his contemporaries would scarcely have excited surprise or pain. We are quite familiar with the detail of this politician's megalomania or that great writer's habits; the dirt on this boxer or that television star is in the air we breathe. But read that the MCC captain wouldn't get out of bed on the morning of a crucial Test Match and nothing is quite the same again. What are all those small boys in school uniforms at Lord's, taken along to see the bat kept straight, to think when, to pass the time while luncheon is taken, they read pages 144-145 in which Hero Compton describes Hero Hutton's behaviour before and during the second innings at Adelaide? There's the business about Sir Leonard not wanting to open the innings, then deciding to, then being quickly out, then coming into the pavilion:

> I can always remember his look almost of anguish as he said to me as I sat there padded-up, soon to go in: 'The so-and-so's have done it again. . . . This fellow Miller. . . . We're going to be beaten. . . . I can see it. . . . We're going to lose. . . .' I tried to tell him that we still had a good chance, but he wouldn't be persuaded and left the little room from which the MCC watch the game, disappeared into the dressing room, and didn't see another ball bowled. He emerged only when the game was over.

Unfortunately what they may think or be encouraged to think is not how, and for similar reasons, a cricket captain may behave like a prime minister or a trade union leader or a company director; but that this is what comes of having a professional to captain England. There are plenty of people willing to tip that rubbish about an amateur's superior, even natural, capacity for leadership out of its bin again. They may even come to think it was Sir Leonard's fault both that cricket grew dull and that the desire to win won over the desire to play gaily, forgetting that here was a great batsman who was appointed captain because England wanted to win and because no one else could have done it. This kind of thinking is an old English fashion and it is a pity that a fellow-professional should, by inference, encourage it.

Not that Mr Compton devotes much of his book to criticism of his captain. He is interesting about his own troubles and triumphs and about that West Indies tour in which the Press and Freddie Trueman between them caused so much bother. He is critical of Sir Donald Bradman's attitude to bodyline. S. G. Barnes he quotes as saying: 'Mr Bradman, he gets all the publicity, let him get all the bloody runs.' Walter Hammond – 'the greatest all-rounder ever' – used to drive ahead in a Jaguar on the '46-47 tour while his team came behind by train. Playing for Arsenal in the 1950 Cup Final the author had a poor first half. At half-time he had a shot of Scotch. He had a good second half.

What emerges is that Mr Compton, as if his cricket hadn't demonstrated it, is a romantic, out of sympathy with the attitudes of the modern game. He played for fun, and Test Cricket isn't funny. His lively, nicely written book isn't cricket, but neither is cricket. If, some day, Elia Kazan and Budd Schulberg should make a film about the summer game, they might start here.

W. JOHN MORGAN

New Novels

Love among the Cannibals. By WRIGHT MORRIS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

Nada. By CARMEN LAFORET. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Ocean Crossing. By JOHN SYKES. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sun-Trap. By FELICITY SHAW. *Blond.* 15*s.*

Having won the American National Book Award for 1957 with a covered-waggon novel, a distinctly original one, Mr Morris proceeds to give us a most compelling demonstration of versatility and virility. *Love among the Cannibals* is a serio-comic study in modern Californian nympholepsy and prefabricated soul-lessness. It is told by Earl, the more intellectual member of a song-writing team. The first sentence 'This

A few brief extracts from some of the reviews so far received for

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—JOHN RAYMOND (*News Chronicle*)

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chick, with her sun-tan oil, her beach towel, her rubber volleyball, and her radio, came along the beach at the edge of the water where the sand was firm'—suggests that you may be in for a bout of Pal Joey on sea. But Mr Morris is an extremely skilful writer. He can manipulate the tough colloquial style so as to get his own effects of light and shade and individuality. Earl's partner, Mac, with his three-word vocabulary and man's-mag beach clothes, is brilliantly sketched. Earl himself turns out to be no end of a surprise packet. He starts as a middle-aged, girl-crazy, wise-cracker, goatish as Groucho, bitter as Céline, but as soon as he meets a really natural, non-synthetic un-American girl he rolls over and reveals all the tenderness of a two-minute steak. She is Eva Baum, a twenty-three-year-old governess, he calls her 'the Greek' and she carries him off on rather the same sort of flood-tide of sexuality, with the sexes reversed, that those Indians used to hi-jack D. H. Lawrence heroines.

Earl and 'the Greek' and Mac and his girl, Billie, a preposterous Southern States starlet, go to Mexico to work on Earl's 'cannibelle' lyric—the oral, anthropophagous theme in modern American pop-culture is plentifully stressed. There is a neatly graphic, if perhaps rather obvious, piece of symbolism when the locals steal all the wheels, fixtures and fittings from their car which has been left in the open. Earl and his hefty German thrive, despite insect-bites, on the *vie naturelle*. Mac and Billie are discomfited, though not always quite so much as you might expect. The problem of how to wind up such a curiously mixed string-puzzle of realism and pastiche without lapsing into banality is almost insoluble. Mr Morris tries a compromise between violence and symbolism that does not quite satisfy. What will he do next? This book may be treated as an exercise or tour de force; its readability is so intense that it makes you almost suspicious.

Nada is the first of Carmen Laforet's novels to be translated into English. Its mood is characteristically sombre. Correctly so, too. The amount of suffering that attaches to the life of the struggling professional as well as the working class of Barcelona is hard to exaggerate. (Even the writer—his name escapes me for the moment—who is described by his publishers as 'the Catalan P. G. Wodehouse', gives his English readers an impression of deep pessimism.) *Nada* is told by an adolescent girl, Andrea, who arrives in Barcelona to attend the university and live with her relations. These include a doddering grandmother and a puritanical aunt, Angustias, but the principal focus of strain is centred upon her two uncles, Juan, the painter, and Román, the dilettante intellectual, and Juan's wife, Gloria. Economically, the family situation is run-down to the point of seediness but not utter catastrophe. Emotionally, it is heavily overcast with storm-clouds piling up from the past. Everybody disapproves of Gloria and suspects her of being a tart because of her mysterious relations in and with the city's underworld. Juan has fits of hysterical jealousy and beats her up. The flat in the Calle de Ariban resounds with screams and sobs. A tragedy is inevitable, though when it does come, right at the end, it takes a rather surprising but not unexpected form with the suicide of Román. By way of contrast, and connected up by a thread of plot, is Andrea's student life and her gayer moments with her rich friend Ena. Andrea, herself, is rather old-fashioned, self-conscious, almost, at times, pompous, though this may be a manifestation of that strain of masculinity which is a peculiar feature of Spanish women. You feel that she too partakes of the black void at the centre of things which is one of the meanings that could be read into the title, even though the story ends for her on an optimistic note as she leaves for Madrid in Ena's father's car. This is a distinguished novel, written after the best European classic models.

The liner shares with the prison, the school, the hospital, and the regiment, that button-holing quality, product of immediately common experience, which pertains to the closed setting. *The Ocean Crossing* is a voyage to Brazil with a good deal of heart-burning on board. Interest centres on a young English business-man's Jewish wife, Magda, who is undergoing an emotional and spiritual crisis. Some rather heavy relief is provided by a ferocious young drunken right-wing intellectual. Mr Sykes is a capable writer, good at action; his setting helps him to sustain interest. But he is not really at home with these characters.

'Laughter,' wrote one reviewer of Mrs Shaw's first novel, quoted with insane cruelty by her publisher, 'runs through the mind like gentle rain through the mouth of a gargoyle.' You are not expected to laugh like a drain at *Sun-Trap*. This is a mildly astringent little comedy with some intelligence and much zest. (You know that particular kind of feminine zest which sometimes expresses itself in too many dependent clauses, giving you an effect of somebody hugging herself.) A married lady named Isobel flies—it is disappointing to have to leave Beirut in the first sentence—to a Cyprus-type Mediterranean island cryptically to recapture her erring painter husband. Not quite enough happens, and interest gets rather diffused between her and a siren named Gizelda; yet I get a distinct impression of vitality here, with promise of development.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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COLLINS

Gramophone Records

THERE are no fewer than five recent recordings of Debussy's *La Mer*, and I have a fairly clear preference for Charles Munch and the Boston Orchestra on RCA. But as all the performances are at least good and some more than that, and as all have different couplings, it is perhaps worth looking briefly at each of them. Decca gives Ansermet an excellent recording marred only by a poorish surface. Of all five he is the most subtle and imaginative. In this music he has special magic that makes a harp arpeggio or a minute phrase on the flute take on a new poetry; and he reveals sonorities and texture with an exquisite fineness. But it has to be faced that the Suisse Romande Orchestra is in no way a match for the high-powered Bostoners, and *La Mer* needs power as well as subtlety. Heard after Munch Ansermet sounds small-scale and unenergetic. But then unless you are a reviewer there is no need to hear him after Munch. In his own way he remains unique, and the couplings of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Rapsodie Espagnole* are every bit as good as his *La Mer*.

Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Orchestra, who are faily well recorded on Philips, show more fire and dash than sensibility, so that the final effect is a bit garish. It is coupled with similarly over-driven accounts of Ravel's *La Valse* and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. Leinsdorf on a fine Capitol recording is the reverse: he is meticulous and exact and the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra play with outstanding warmth of tone. But the performance lacks ebb and flow and the rhythmic flexibility that Debussy enjoined, so that this sea is a bit placid and too sheltered from the bracing air of Eastbourne. But on the other side Leinsdorf gives a most distinguished and beautifully balanced account of the second suite from Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë*. Then there is Paray and the Detroit SO on a somewhat harsh-sounding Mercury disc. This is a thoroughly sound and idiomatic but unexceptional performance that has the advantage of a coupling with *Ibéria* (see below) and *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. If I finally return to Munch, who also gives a fine account of Ibert's effective if derivative *Escales* on the same disc, it is that he is even more exciting than Golschmann and much truer to the music, almost as sensitive as Ansermet, has a fine recording and gets superlative playing from his orchestra. Still, there are one or two moments of Ansermet that linger. . . .

Ansermet presides again over an utterly enchanting performance of Debussy's *La Boîte à Joujoux*, orchestrated with a dexterous touch by Caplet. The sound of this Decca recording is admirably defined and 'present', and indeed everything about the disc is a joy—except the coupling. *Printemps* is a turgid, immature piece written by Debussy in his early twenties. Ansermet does his best, but this neo-Wagnerian score needs more warmth than the Genevois strings can provide. The Swiss orchestra again appears in a good new Decca recording of the *Images*. The conductor here is Argenta, who died recently, and he secures an entirely acceptable performance that makes Paray's account of *Ibéria* (the second of the three *Images*) on Mercury (see above) sound rather coarse-grained. Sometimes Argenta's absorption in detail seems to deprive the music of the sweep that Paray gives it, but he comes much nearer to the bitter heart of this great score.

Philips have issued a rather fascinating *mélange* of French music on a cheap ten-inch L.P. This contains Satie's *Deux Gymnopédies*,

short but exquisitely limpid pieces orchestrated by Debussy with masterly simplicity; Chabrier's scintillating 'Fête Polonaise' from *Le Roi malgré Lui*, and the little-played overture to Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*. It is a pity that so intriguing a mixture should be rounded off with Ravel's dreary *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. Performances and recording are adequate.

Few recent records have excited me so much as an excellent DGG recording of the orchestral excerpts from Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lorin Maazel. It may be that his tempi are at present a bit immoderate at both ends of the scale. The 'Scène d'Amour', of which he gives a most ravishing account, is on the slow side, while the pace at which he takes the 'Fête' makes it difficult for the strings to articulate every note. Still, the result is so exciting that Mitropoulos, who conducts much the same music on a Philips disc, is made to sound almost pedestrian – and that is a feat indeed. Maazel gets superb orchestral playing and achieves a characteristically Berliozian blend of brilliance, warmth and elegance. He has a remarkable feeling for the elusive shape of Berlioz's phrasing and a wonderful sense of colour, text and the unfolding order of a piece of music. Any conductor can make a detail stand out; Maazel has the much rarer gift of being able to make every particle of the score *live* without dragging it out of its context. And what a joy to hear a distinction between *ppp* and *pppp*!

I must confess that I didn't expect Jean-Jacques Rousseau's little pastoral opera, *Le Devin du Village*, which is available on a single Columbia disc, to be more than an historical curiosity. But within a very limited musical idiom and a modest melodic range the old story of *'la bergère un peu coquette rend le berger plus constant'* is told with considerable charm. It is given a very neat performance by Janine Micheau, Nicola Gedda and Michel Roux and is well conducted by de Froment. The recording is good.

There are two new versions of Gluck's *Orphée*: Monteux conducts what is roughly speaking the full French version but in Italian and with a contralto on three RCA discs; while on two Columbia records de Froment conducts a somewhat abbreviated French version in French and with a tenor. Choice is not difficult because the RCA set is frankly a washout. Monteux conducts with nonchalant breeziness, his Orpheus (Risë Stevens) produces more breath than tone, the Rome Opera orchestra and chorus sound remarkably undistinguished and the sound is edgy. Indeed the only thing to be had from the performance is amusement at the struggle between Monteux and his Orpheus over the tempo of 'Che faró'. Miss Stevens may not have much voice but no one could say she lacks willpower. The Columbia version is cheaper and better. De Froment conducts with much more stylistic insight and gets alert playing and singing from the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and the Aix Festival choir. Gedda is competent if a bit dull, but as Eurydice Janine Micheau shows more style and firmness of line than della Casa on RCA. What the set lacks is warmth: the whole manner is crisp but cool. Abominable though the opera sounds in German on DGG, Fricsay is the only conductor of the three who captures the balm of Elysium and explains Orpheus's wonderment at 'che puro ciel'.

Among a batch of recent recordings that Thurston Dart and the London Philomusica have made for Oiseau Lyre is an exceptionally fine performance of Dowland's *Lachrimæ* in Mr Dart's own and as yet unpublished edition. Tempi and phrasing sound entirely convincing to my in-

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expert ear and the music has wonderful range and expressiveness. The recording is excellent. On a Vanguard disc Deller, Leonhardt and his Baroque Ensemble and Consort of Viols combine for a recital of English seventeenth-century music largely devoted to Purcell but also including some Matthew Locke and Jenkins. Deller spins a finely moulded line and Leonhardt is a most satisfying harpsichordist. His viols squeak and moan a good deal but no doubt it is all very authentic. Apart from some pre-echo the recording is good.

Beecham's wizardry in Delius is unequalled. His *Appalachia* has been reissued by Fontana in a satisfactory recording. But is the backward sound of the choir deliberate? It is coupled with a new recording of *An Arabesque* in which an excellent performance is marred by a mediocre baritone. On a ten-inch Philips disc there are extremely eloquent performances of *In a Summer Garden* and *Over the Hills and Far Away*. The subtlety of timbre and colour that Beecham draws from the RPO is remarkable.

Vaughan Williams's Fourth Symphony gets a powerful and highly geared performance from Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic on another ten-inch Philips disc. It is fascinating to hear this music done by a conductor whose sympathies lie towards Strauss and Schoenberg rather than English folk song, and to my mind the symphony in the main gains in stature. The recording is good apart from stretches of bad surface. The more specifically English side of V.W.'s creativity is well shown on an HMV disc containing a mixed bag of his music. Sargent obtains competent but rather characterless performances of the overture to *The Wasps, Towards an Unknown Region* (an early work very much in the English choral tradition), the *Fantasia on Greensleeves* and the *Serenade to Music*, done here with four soloists. The recording is excellent.

On a ten-inch Columbia disc Walton conducts the Philharmonia in lively performances of the two orchestral suites from *Façade* and of the recent *Johannesburg Festival Overture*, which is done in a more perky and less rhetorical manner than usual and is the better for it. But the *Façade* music seems to me weighed down in this far from light-handed arrangement. Still, in any guise the Popular Song remains a gem.

Britten's inventive *Variations and Fugue* on a theme of Purcell are played with great brilliance and technical finish by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. On the other side of this well-recorded Philips disc there is a good performance of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* in which Cyril Richards is a most engaging narrator. Two unaccompanied choral pieces by Britten are coupled on a new Decca disc. The early *A Child is Born* and *Rejoice in the Lamb*, in which Britten's handling of Christopher Smart's strange but moving text shows extraordinary insight and ingenuity, are both on the whole well performed by the Purcell Singers, the boys of the English Opera Group and the choristers of All Saints, Margaret Street, under the composer's direction. The general quality of sound is good, but the surface of my copy is indifferent and there is often a halo of fizz around the voices.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,471 **Set by A. G. Rochelle**

'Take one soulful of involuntary unbelief', begins a nineteenth-century recipe (by Mallock) for a poem by Matthew Arnold. Prizes are offered to the senders of recipes (limit 150 words) for any of the following: A statesman's memoirs; a teenager's novel; a Movement poem; a Court Theatre play; an American musical; or a *Sunday Times* serial. Entries by 20 May.

Result of No 1,468 **Set by Flitcroft**

The usual prizes are offered for verses (limit 12 lines) in praise of a building by a favourite minor architect.

Report

Very few competitors saw the point of this competition, which was to have a lark with the prevailing pedantries of architectural expertise (Betjeman, Pevsner, 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral' and so on). Minds flew instantly – and very boringly – to picturesque privies or Clochemerle conveniences. Birds, spiders and babies provided other means of exit from the intended arena; so did 'Mr Noah, Arkitect' (Adrienne Gascoigne) – surely he was a naval architect, and does he positively qualify as 'minor'?

Nicely chosen 'minors' were J. T. Knowles who designed the Grosvenor Hotel before founding the *Nineteenth Century* review (P. Metcalf) and Edward Blore, architect of the notoriously over-solemn Pitt Press at Cambridge (Alberick); but in neither case did the poem quite hit the mark. J. R. Till's first two lines on Alfred Waterhouse's Reading Town Hall confront one with an analogy which is nothing if not striking:

> Like Stendhal, Waterhouse had quite a knack
> With red and black.

Among living English architects, I doubt if anybody would characterise Mr Maxwall Fry as 'minor', so I am afraid that Ian Allan disqualifies himself by the implication, while producing a neat little satire on Sun House, Frognal:

> And still, Sun House, you show us
> How it was to be alive
> And Oh! so very modern
> In 1935.

On the whole, Hilary's rather wistful praise of C. Harrison Townsend's Horniman Museum seems the nearest thing to a success within the conditions, and takes a first prize of two guineas. Hazel Archard's charmingly invented Martello, and Michael Darracott's Busby earn a guinea each on entertainment value.

TOWNSEND'S HORNIMAN MUSEUM

> Nobody liked it very much
> in 1902 – it lacked the touch
> that constitutes a Noble Pile –
> the Symmetry, the Classic Style.
> But balustrades and vaulted halls,
> moral mosaics on the walls,
> though stylewise not, perhaps, the 'thing',
> are quite appropriate to bring
> the muddled span of history
> home to SE23:
> and Townsend's pinnacle is still
> the highest tower on Forest Hill.

HILARY

> Admire the skill of mythical Martello,
> Who, ever since he was a little fellow,
> Had toiled upon the sand with pail and spade,
> Learning the secret of his later trade.
> Here stands his martial monument, which humbles
> The proud invader, dominates the Crumbles!
> Moulded in symmetry, raised in the round
> On some enchanted circle in the ground,
> This sturdy turret stands, so stout and true
> To prototype: it *must* be solid through!
> – Oh, happy sandboy, who could tilt his pail
> On such a bold, Napoleonic scale!

HAZEL ARCHARD

LEONARDO BUSBY FAILS TO MAKE IT

> If one had made an exhaustive study of American penitentiaries,
> And published an essay on the propulsion of navigable bodies,
> Surely one might be justified in thinking
> That one's competence to design two Gothic churches
> Should not be questioned.
> But Smirke and Nash said,
> Mr Busby's iron hoofs are extremely weak and insecure,
> And the opinion of eight of the first scientific and practical architects enlisted by the designer,
> Left them quite unmoved.
> So Charles Augustus Busby had to be content to help
> Mr Wilds lay out Kemp Town,
> And died at Hove in 1834.

MICHAEL DARRACOTT

City Lights

Contra Hos Motores Bos

Now, when the war-whoops of eight months ago are no more than an embarrassing memory, the government's economic policy may after all be put to the test. Few people still glow with the tough-principled warmth of the September sterling crisis. The bus strike – or rather the fear that it will spread – has clouded City spirits: gilt-edged stocks have fallen a little and sterling is weaker.

There is, however, no rush to sell. The government is still given a fair chance of muddling through its labour troubles. If it does so, the improvement in the terms of trade will help to keep prices from rising for some time longer. Production can be given a gentle push as soon as the American recession seems to have grounded and Mr Amory can come forward with a full-blooded incentive Budget next year. And sterling in the meantime? The negotiations going on in the US will, with any luck, produce a massive standby credit to support the pound in exchange for its

de jure convertibility. Every link in the chain may be uncertain, but the chain as a whole looks usable. The Stock Exchange would be doing very nicely were it not for Mr Cousins.

* * *

The Rubber market has had troubles of its own to deal with. Paragon Holdings – once known as Pahang Para Rubber – announced this week that because of 'certain events' it was unable to pay the interim dividend declared last month. United Patani, a firm controlled by Paragon, announced that it too was unable to pay the interim dividend promised a month ago, since the Board had just learnt that without its knowledge or authority the entire liquid resources of the company – some £300,000 – had been deposited with another concern; the money had been asked for but did not appear to be readily available, and legal proceedings were being undertaken. On the following day, Kuala Muda Rubber, 90 per cent. of whose shares are held by Paragon, announced that it too would not be paying its promised interim dividend; all its spare money, to the tune of £150,000, had been deposited with Paragon, and again the money was not available.

One can only guess at the background to these fascinating announcements, and – since someone is obviously short of money – it is better not to do one's guessing too loudly.

* * *

If anyone failed to sell their Transamerica Corporation while the going was good they have reason to be peeved. Transamerica, a large American financial hodge-podge, has been given notice under anti-trust legislation to get rid of its banking interests: it proposes to do this by handing over its banking assets to a new holding company and distributing the shares in this company to its own shareholders. Nobody gains anything – shareholders now hold for themselves shares which previously Transamerica held for them, and the value of their Transamerican holding is correspondingly reduced.

Hivings-off are common enough there. But here, because of a curious quirk in the tax law, companies hiving off their assets make sure that they simultaneously reduce their capital – restoring it later with a scrip issue. There is no reason why a US company should adopt this complicated procedure, and Transamerica has not done so. The result is that UK shareholders will be charged tax on the value of their new shares – a capital levy they could scarcely have expected.

* * *

The internecine Stock Exchange struggle over option dealings will come into the open at an extraordinary meeting in a couple of weeks time. Option dealings – which, roughly, enable you to buy the right to deal in a certain share at a certain price on a certain date – were suspended at the outbreak of war. A large number of stockbrokers want them back to encourage business. If the meeting passes a resolution in favour of option dealings the Stock Exchange Council is not bound to take notice of it – but half-a-dozen seats on the Council fall vacant in June.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 443. Not Quite Virgin Soil

One of various points of interest in the subsequent game is the fact that in his own notes—'a new opening idea first tested by me in this tournament. It seems to have stood the test quite well'—Alekhine considers his defeat of Steiner at Budapest 1921 the first 'Alekhine's Defence' ever. It wasn't, but then Alekhine always was a bit hazy about the opening linked with his name, and on one occasion he is said to have brushed away an idle questioner with the remark that he never played 'his' opening because he wouldn't know how, and it wasn't any good anyway. In point of fact, he played it frequently and with remarkable success; and as for his famous Budapest game against A. Steiner, that was by no means his first attempt at the opening that was to bear his name; he had already tested it a few months earlier in a consultation game played at Zurich. Nor indeed was that the first recorded instance of (1) P-K4, Kt-KB3, for that 'hypermodern' move was known well over a century earlier. 'Its history can be traced from analyses in Allgaier's *Lehrbuch*, 1811, and in Alexandre's *Encyclopédie*, 1837, down to Schallop's condescending remarks about it in the 7th edition of Bilguer's *Handbuch*.'

The interesting information contained in the last sentence is quoted from the new (9th) edition of *Modern Chess Openings* (*Pitman's* 25s); and the very fact that Alekhine's Defence is reduced to 15 columns (from 25 in the 8th Edition), whereas the Sicilian has gone up from 140 to 175, the King's Indian from 30 to 85 (and the whole book from 317 to 360 pp), is ample proof how well this classic of opening theory has kept up with the times. In its familiar form of a sort of dictionary elucidated by brief prefatory notes, the 'M.C.O.' would seem to become a more and more indispensable guide through the ever more bewildering maze of well nigh inexhaustible and unsurveyable opening theory. A most commendable achievement of the editors W. Korn and J. W. Collins. Now here's that famous game of Alekhine's with some of his notes.

(1) P-K4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-K5, Kt-Q4; (3) P-Q4, P-Q3; (4) B-Kt5, P x P; (5) P x P, Kt-QB3; (6) B-Kt5, B-KB4! [I didn't mind the double-pawn, being quite happy with the two bishops, the open Kt-file and the better development]; (7) Kt-KB3, KKt-Kt5!; (8) Kt-R3, Q x Q ch; (9) R x Q (best); Kt x P ch; (10) Kt x Kt, B x Kt; (11) R-QB1, B-K5; (12) Kt-Q4, B x P; (13) R-KKt1, 0-0-0!; (14) Kt x Kt, B x Kt; (15) B x B, P x B; (16) R x P, R-Q4; (17) B-B4, P-K3; (18) K-K2, B-B4! [My only chance of maintaining the advantage]; (19) P-QKt4!, B x KtP; (20) R x KtP, R-Q2; (21) B-K3, P-QR4!; (22) R-B4, P-R4; (23) R-R4, B-B6!; (24) R-Kt5, R-Q4; (25) P-B4, P-KB3! [The only way for me to maintain my material advantage and to achieve a favourable simplification]; (26) R(Kt5) x P, R x R; (27) R x R, P x P; (28) P x P, B x P; (29) R-R7? (P-KR4!), R-Kt4!; (30) K-B3, R-Kt7; (31) R-R5, B x P; (32) R x P, B-Q3; (33) K-K4, K-Q2; (34) B-Q4, R-Q7! [I had to keep the White K off c4]; (35) B-K3, R-K7; (36) K-Q3, R-K8!; (37) B-Q4, R-QB8; (38) B-K3, R-Q8 ch; (39) K-K4, R-K8; (40) K-Q3 P-K4 [At long last!]; (41) B-B2, R-KB8; (42) B-K3, K-K3; (43) K-K4, R-KR8; (44) B-B2, R-R7; (45) B-K3, R-R5 ch; (46) K-Q3, B-Kt5! [Securing d5 for my K, and that was decisive]; (47) R-R7, P-B4; (48) P-R3, P-B5 ch; (49) K-K2, B-Q3; (50) R-R8, R-R7 ch; (51) K-Q1, R-R6!; (52) K-Q2, K-Q4; (53) R-Q8, P-B6 ch!; (54) K-K2, K-K5; (55) R x B, R x B ch; (56) K-B2, R-Q6; (57) R-QB6, R-Q7 ch; (58) K-K1, K-Q6; (59) R-Q6 ch, K-B7; (60) R-K6, R-Q4; (61) resigns. [This was my hardest game at Budapest.]

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position won by Black anyhow. In the *post-mortem* Alekhine was asked why he had missed the pretty, forced win (1) . . . Q x R; (2) R x Q, P-Q6; (3) R-K1, P-Q7; (4) R-Q1, R-B8; (5) R x R, P-Q8(Q) ch etc. 'Because,' said the master scornfully, 'I wished to avoid the pretty forced draw White could have got by a less stupid 3rd move.' Why?—For 6 and 7 points **B** a draw, **C** a win. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 May.

A: A. Alekhine 1920

B: Fred Lazard 1915

C: Herbstmann & Gorgiev

REPORT on No. 440. Set 19 April

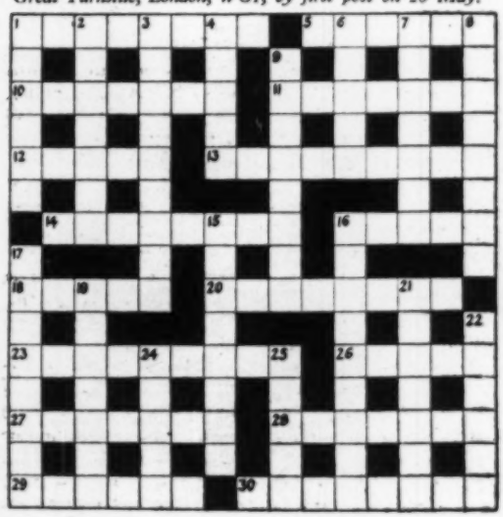
A: (1) R x Kt!, B x R; (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-B1; (3) Kt-Q5 etc.
B: (1) Q-B6 ch, K-R4; (2) Q-B5, ch, K-R3; (3) B-K3 ch, K-Kt2; (4) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B1; (5) B-B5 ch, B-Q3; (6) Q-K5!, Q-Q1; (7) B x B ch, K-Kt1; (8) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R1; (9) B-K5 ch, P-B3; (10) Q-Kt5! etc.
C: (1) Kt-B3 ch! (P-K7?), K-B6!; (2) P-K7! (Kt x P?), Kt-Q2! (P – Q?); (3) Kt x P, Kt-KB4!; (4) Kt-K4 ch!, K-Q5 (best); (5) P – Kt!!, K x Kt; (6) B-Kt1 ch, K-K4; (7) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-K3; (8) B-R2 mate
if (6) . . . K-B5; (7) Kt-Kt6 ch, K any; (8) B x Kt etc.

Some stumped by **C**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, W. H. L. Brooking, M. Rumney, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 302

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 302, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 20 May.



ACROSS

1. Control for a party with a favourite following (8).
5. Made a cut and got some runs (6).
10. Difficult situations of the East in battles (7).
11. Territory in which I follow a graduate among the fellows (7).
12. Vessel needed for long railway journeys (5).
13. *Sputnik* is a rehash of the latest lie (9).
14. The slipper produces a cry of pain in a child (8).
16. Those who are not genuine go back in the vehicle (5).
18. Groups of six make love poetry in France (5).
20. Prayed for the confounding of the bogus (8).
23. What the pack does for a meal (9).
26. A fine example for a page and a lord (5).
27. The wide open spaces are not in front (7).
28. Home with a central window (7).
29. Too old to understand about nothing (6).
30. Behind the counter the editor swayed (8).

DOWN

1. Regulations concerning the remedy to perform on a wise man (6).
2. Unfortunately an animal would overturn the wine (6)
3. Coins the panel soon changed (9).
4. Love as exists as a pleasant contrast (5).
6. 'Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a ——?' (*Hamlet*) (5).
7. I do wrong getting into the newspaper for breeding (7).
8. The disguised red spies vanish (8).
9. The literary woman puts it in oriental guise (8).
15. Where to get transport for a sailor among crazy people (8).
16. Plan for an athlete to make an impression (9).
17. The intellectually unpretentious are humbly born to quarrel with society (8).
19. Football team formed by an upward-looking parson in school (7).
21. The plant to keep a girl warm (7).
22. Disgusted as you are in a stupid fellow's embrace (6).
24. A song-bird soars around a village (5).
25. Forbid an irregular expression of disapproval (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 300

F	A	C	A	D	E		F	U	N	F	A	I	R	S
I		H		O		W		I		L		M		C
E	L	E	C	T	R	A		S	H	E	P	P	E	Y
N		R		T		N		T		E		A		L
D	I	O	C	E	S	A	N		A	T	O	N	A	L
I		O		D		M		A		E		E		A
S	E	T	S		E	A	R	N	E	S	T	L	Y	
H				E		K		T		T				H
	B	R	A	S	S	E	R	I	E		E	B	R	O
S		A		T		R		T		A		R		N
T	R	I	P	O	S		F	R	O	N	T	A	G	E
R		S		N		M		A		G		V		S
A	B	I	L	I	T	Y		D	U	L	L	E	S	T
N		N		A		R		E		E		S		L
D	A	G	E	N	H	A	M		P	R	E	T	T	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 300

John Holly (*London, NW5*), *P. Farries* (*Klang, Malaya*), *Teresa Hooley* (*Risley*)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SOUTH SHIELDS EDUCATION AUTHORITY
Grammar-Technical School for Girls
AMENDED ADVERTISEMENT

Applications are invited for the following posts which will become available in September 1958. (Candidates who previously submitted applications need not apply again as their applications will be reconsidered along with those received in response to this advertisement.)

Master or Mistress to share in the teaching of Mathematics throughout the school, including G.C.E. Advanced and University Scholarship work. (Graded post allowance £125.)

Master or Mistress to teach Mathematics to Ordinary Level. (Graduate preferred but candidates with Training College Advanced Mathematics or a Third Year Training College Course would be considered.)

Two Masters or Mistresses to teach Geography. At least one well-qualified Graduate is required to share in the work throughout the school, including G.C.E. Advanced Level. (Graded post allowance £75 available to suitably qualified candidate.)

For the other post, a Graduate is preferred, but a less well-qualified candidate would be considered to teach Geography mainly and to share in the teaching of one or more other subjects.

Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education, Education Office, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned to the undersigned as early as possible.

A. J. W. JEFFERY,
Director of Education.

AUSTRALIA—UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

Applications are invited for the following positions:—

(i) Lecturer in Psychology: Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Applicants should have an honours degree or higher degree in psychology preferably but not necessarily with a special interest in social psychology; or qualifications in social anthropology. Applications close 30 June, 1958.

(ii) Lecturer in Education: Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Applicants should be qualified to lecture in Methods of Teaching Modern Foreign Languages, and have had teaching experience in secondary schools; ability to lecture in some other field of educational theory would be an advantage. Applications close 30 June 1958.

Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, as above.

AUSTRALIA—UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

Applications are invited for the following positions:—

(i) Chief Lecturer in Social Studies: Salary £A2,560/£A2,800 p.a. Applicants should have qualifications in Social Psychology or Sociology with some experience in social work or a cognate field. The appointee will be in charge of social studies courses within the Department of Education which include diplomas and degrees as qualifications for social workers. Applications close 30 June 1958.

(ii) Lecturer in Economics (Statistics): Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Applicants should have an honours degree in Economics, Statistics, or Mathematics, with knowledge and experience in economic and social statistics. Applications close 30 June 1958.

Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, as above.

BRIGHTON Education Committee. Applications invited from qualified psychiatric social workers for full-time or part-time appointment. Full-time salary £585–£810 per annum; initial salary according to experience. Whitley Council conditions of service. Application forms, to be returned within two weeks of appearance of advertisement, and further particulars obtainable from Director of Education, 54 Old Steine, Brighton.

ARCHITECT reqs well-qualified secretary, Cambridge area; flat avail. Box 216.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY OF BATH
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

City of Bath Technical College Lower Borough Walls, Bath.

Applications are invited for the following posts for September 1958:

General Department

1. Lecturer. 2. Assistant Grade A.

The teaching subjects required for both posts include English, Social Studies and Current Affairs; Mathematics and History are needed for one or the other; a man with qualifications in Physical Education would be welcome. The work is with both day-release and full-time students, and well-qualified teachers with wide interests and keen to experiment in the further education of the 15-18 age group are looked for.

The Lecturer will be required to assist in the organisation and development of non-vocational day-release work; a woman would be asked to take special responsibility for the welfare of part-time girl students.

Salary: Burnham Technical Scales.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Principal of the College to whom the completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education.

SENIOR TECHNICAL INFORMATION OFFICER/LIBRARIAN

male or female, required to organise and run information service, filing system and library of a leading Chemical Company in the London area. Applicants must have experience in this field of work and some knowledge of Chemistry is essential. Commencing salary up to £1,500 depending upon age and qualifications will be paid, or more in the case of exceptional qualifications or experience. Non-contributory pension scheme. Bonus. Apply in confidence, giving full details of age, education, qualifications and experience, to

Box No. 1684, c/o Chas. Barker & Sons, Ltd., Gateway House, London, EC4.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
Faculty of Commerce
and Social Science

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Sociology, to begin duties on 1 October 1958 or as soon after that date as posible.

Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £700-£850; Lecturer £900-£1,650, with FSSU and family allowances. The appointment will be made initially at a point on the scale according to qualifications and experience.

Applications (three copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 22 May 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Research assistant with Degree (or Certificate) in Economics/Social Science subjects required for 1 year from end-May 1958 or as soon thereafter as possible. Varied duties, incl. interviewing, extracting of facts and figures, etc. Salary £425-575 according to qualifications. Applications (own handwriting), with full particulars of age, degree, subjects taken, whether able to type, when available and names of two referees, to be sent immediately to Dr A. H. Halsey, Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, The University, Birmingham, 15.

If you're the kind of girl the Chief relies on. Alert, omniscient and a good stone-waller; A crisp steno., neurosis-free, no flies on . . . then do come and see us; we have just the job for you, as Secretary or PA; salaries, conditions and opportunities are all first-rate.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, E.C.2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

NORTH Islington Nursery School, 110-112 Tollington Park, N4. Headmistress wanted, September term, with not more than 5 years' experience. Burnham Scale paid. Apply, with copies of 3 testimonials, to Mrs M. Dobbings, 38 Lordship Park, N16, not later than 20 May.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Aircraft Establishment Technical College, Farnborough, Hants. Applications are invited for the following vacancies in the above selective Day College. Post 1 Lecturer in Aircraft Structures. Post 2 Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering. Post 3 Assistant Lecturer B in Engineering. Post 4 Assistant Lecturer A in Engineering. Post 5 Demonstrator in Mechanical Engineering. University degree, or equivalent, and preferably some industrial and/or teaching experience required. Candidates for Post 1 should be capable of accepting responsibility for teaching of the subject for final B.Sc. (Eng.), Diploma in Technology, AFRAeS and HNC. For Post 2 ability to teach general Mechanical Engineering to the standards specified in Post 1 required: ability to teach Engineering Design an advantage. Candidates for Post 1 or Post 2 may be invited to act as O/C College Experimental Flight Testing Training with a special additional allowance. For Posts 3 and 4 candidates would teach subjects to HNC standard in either Mechanical or Electrical Engineering. Post 5 entails assistance in the organisation, preparation and control of laboratory work. Facilities for further study and/or research may be available. Successful candidates should start as soon as possible. Burnham Scale for Technical Colleges, subject to the Teachers' Superannuation Acts:— Lecturer £1,200 × £30–£1,350: Assistant Lecturer B £650 × £25–£1,025: Assistant Lecturer A and Demonstrators £475 × £25–£900. Assistant Lecturers and Demonstrators receive £125 for a good degree and £25 a year for experience. Application Forms from Principal of College, for return within 14 days.

THE Arts Council of Great Britain. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director of Art. Salary according to age and experience but not less than £1,500 p.a. Write, giving full details of age, education and subsequent career. Administrative experience and knowledge of art history (including contemporary art) essential. Applications, with names of two referees, must reach the Secretary-General, Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St James's Square, London, SW1, not later than Monday, 2 June.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Amended Advertisement. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in French. The applicant should be a graduate of a French University, or hold an Honours Degree with French as a major subject. He should have taught at University level and, if not a native speaker of French, he must give evidence of ability to speak the language fluently and correctly and to deliver lectures in French. Salary: £A2,160/£A2,510 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from Sec., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for appointment as Professor of Philosophy. The salary is £A3,500 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 31 July 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Philosophy. The lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and supervise courses for both internal and external students reading for a Pass Degree, and for internal students reading for an Honours Degree in Philosophy. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. Salaries are at present under review. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Closing date for receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 1 July 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Mathematics. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Mathematics. Salary scale £900×£50 to £1,100; Bar: £1,150×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum. The initial appointment will be in the salary range £900 to £1,100 per annum. The post is subject to superannuation and family allowance is payable where applicable. The person appointed will be expected to take up duty on 1 October 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 31 May 1958. Charles H. Stewart, Sec. to the University.

FAMILY Caseworker, woman, qualified and experienced. AGFCW scale. Charge of branch office. Experience in training students an advantage. Applications together with full details and names of two referees to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield, Department of Extramural Studies. Applications are invited for a post of Staff Tutor to be principally concerned with the teaching of Industrial Relations/Economics to trade union students. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in an appropriate subject. Initial salary on the scale £700×£50–£850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by 7 June 1958.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers, 'The Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle'. Varied duties include subbing, make-up, some reporting and supervision of book reviews. Some experience an advantage but keen beginner interested in gaining all-round experience of editorial work would be considered. Appointment to commence as soon as possible after 1 June. Pension scheme. Present salary £775 p.a. Write, enclosing names of two referees, and stating experience, qualifications and age, to Editor, Hamilton House, Hastings Street, WC1.

DEPUTY Headmistress with a view to appointment as Headmistress: Public Boarding School (140 girls) on South Coast, with a long independent-minded tradition, seeks a Deputy Head (preferably under 45) with a view to appointment as Headmistress in two or three years. Wide—not merely scholastic—experience and interest are looked for. Testimonials should be sent with applications. Box 227.

SOUTH Shields Education Authority. Grammar-Technical School for Girls. Required in September 1958 a well-qualified Master or Mistress (Graduate preferred) to share in the teaching of English. Please state subsidiary subject(s). Willingness to share in the teaching of History to Junior Forms would be an advantage. Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education, Education Office, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned to the undersigned as early as possible. A. J. W. Jeffery, Director of Education.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Senior Clinical Psychologist (Full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patients clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,050 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,445. Applications giving names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for six sessions a week at Amerley School, Versailles Rd., SE20; a short-term school for purposes of classification of maladjusted children for long-term placing in Council's boarding schools and other establishments. Psychologist will form part of team including a Psychiatrist and Psychiatric Social Worker and duties will include diagnosis, liaison with clinics and schools, and may include remedial teaching. Qualifications required: Degree in Psychology, clinical training and teaching experience. Fee £2 10s. a session of three hours. Application by letter, stating age, qualifications and exp., to Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/M), County Hall, London, SE1, by 23 May, 1958.

SHENLEY Hospital, Nr St Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist (Clinical Grade) under the direction of the Senior Psychologist. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to the Group Secretary by 9 June.

PSYCHOLOGISTS: Pensionable posts in Admiralty (1—man only), Ministry of Labour and National Service (1), Air Ministry (1), Prison Commission (4—men only) for candidates aged 21 and under 31 on 1 August 1958 with prescribed professional qualifications or experience in Psychology. Final year students may apply. Starting salary (men in London) £595 to £945. Maximum £1,250. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for details and application form, quoting 75/58/12. Closing date 27 May 1958.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management. Applications are invited for an Assistant to the Information and Publications Officer. Duties include building up existing information service material, answering enquiries on all aspects of personnel management, undertaking surveys, and assisting with a quarterly journal and other publications. Qualifications: a university degree or similar qualification, experience of personnel management in industry or commerce; a lively interest in solving elusive problems. Minimum starting salary £500. Further information from the Information and Publications Officer, Institute of Personnel Management, Management House, 80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

RESEARCH Officer to the Co-operative Party required. Candidates should be acquainted with the machinery and problems of the Co-operative Movement and Party; have a practical knowledge of economic and political research; be able to draft reports and memoranda and advise on policy matters. Salary £800–£1,025 per year. Applicants must not be more than 50 years old. Conditions and application forms from The Co-operative Party, 54 Victoria St, London SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux: (a) Staff required for Central London. Training given, three months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £470 × £15 to £560. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. (b) Holiday Relief Staff: June to September (inclusive). Experience in CAB or case-work. Secretarial qualifications of value. Apply in writing CAB Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

INTERESTING post in New Town of Stevenage. Housing Assistant reqd for rent collection, general welfare work and giving information to new tenants. Salary £505 min. £716 max. according to quals and experience. Housing available. Detailed applications giving age and naming two referees to Chief Admin. Officer, Stevenage Development Corpn. Aston House, nr Stevenage, Herts, by 20 May, 1958.

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for six family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/£25/£700; Children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualification and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £850. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Superintendent and Matron of Morland House Reception Home, Wheatley, Oxon. Applications are invited for a joint appointment of husband and wife as Superintendent and Matron of this home, which is a reception and observation home for 25-30 children, at a joint salary on the scale £746 10s. by six annual increments to £936 2s. 6d. plus emoluments valued for superannuation purposes at £451 per annum. Salary will be fixed at a point in the scale commensurate with qualifications and experience. Previous employment as Child Care Officer, in work with disturbed children or in allied fields, an advantage. Appointments are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for mothers and children, at Marple, Cheshire, needs 2 resident members of staff: (1) a Deputy Warden (2) an Assistant Deputy Warden. Brentwood is a residential centre for mothers in need of care and training where they can bring with them their young children. It aims to improve the health of the mothers and children and to train the mothers in home management and care of children, thus hoping to prevent family breakdown. Applicants should preferably have some social study qualification: lack of such a qualification need not however prevent anyone from applying who has a keen interest in the work. For further information, please write to: The General Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester, 14.

ESSEX. Laindon Youth Centre. Full-time Warden (man or woman) required as soon as possible. Applicants should preferably possess Degree, Social Science Diploma or Teachers' Certificate. Experience in teaching and/or youth work essential. Salary scale (for men) £800 × £25 to £975, with additions for Burnham graduation and training. Basic salary scale for women would be somewhat less, but subject to equal pay increments. Housing would probably be made available by the Basildon Development Corporation. Details and forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 31 May, 1958.

MARRIED couple reqd at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties incl. observation and assessment. Salaries: Housefather £505 to £577 10s.; Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s. each plus £18 10s. p.a. for Home Office Cert., less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/383), L.C.C. County Hall, SE1.

SOCIAL Worker required, whole-time, for home visiting in connection with a therapeutic study. Salary £500 to £600 according to experience, with travelling expenses. Work is expected to continue for about 2 years. Applications to the Secretary, Children's Department, Farnborough Hospital, Kent (Tel. FARN. 53333, Ext. 279).

COOK and Housemother. Scotland offers a brand new kitchen to an adaptable cook ready to help in the starting of a new School for young mal-adjusted children, under the 'Save the Children Fund', good conditions, 8 miles from Edinburgh, also Housemother wanted, interesting pioneer work in beautiful surroundings. Apply Headmaster, Harmeny, Balerno, Midlothian.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ADVENTURE Playground Leader wanted. £600 p.a. Full-time, London. Box 211.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Publicity Officer (Television) in Publicity Department. It is a journalistic post involving seeking out news stories about the BBC's television programmes and thinking creatively on news and feature lines. This post specialises in light entertainment. The holder contributes to weekly television publicity releases and helps in answering press enquiries about television programmes. Applicants must have an interest in and knowledge of the BBC's Television programmes, and must be able to build up and maintain good relations with the Press and Television staff. Salary £1,105 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.631, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

IMAGINATIVE young producer with radio experience required to direct the sound for Television commercials in conjunction with the Film director. Write to Box 391.

ASSISTANT Secretary, Howard League. From 1 July. Work interesting and varied. Secretarial and office experience and interest in social work. Starting salary £400. Pension scheme. 4 weeks' leave. For particulars apply Parliament Mans., Abbey Orchard St, SW1.

WILMSLOW Guild. A Centre for Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (man or woman). Duties to commence in the autumn term. Previous experience advantageous but not as essential as sense of leadership and general organising ability in academic and recreational curricula. Ability to lecture is a supplementary recommendation. The post, eligible for teachers superannuation, has commencing salary from £500-£600 according to academic and other qualifications. Small, modern house available at moderate rent if required. Full particulars and names of three referees to Hon. Sec., Mr J. P. Timson, 203 Wilmslow Road, Handforth, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superann. provision. Write giving age and particulars of exper. to Box 9786.

TRANSLATOR/shorthand-typist, French/English/Spanish, required. Commencing Salary £8 10s. plus cost-of-living allowance. £1 16s. Write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, London, SE1.

GENERAL Secretary of old-established national propaganda society requires competent progressive-minded secretary. Interesting post for right person. State age, experience, salary, etc., to Box 353.

PUBLISHERS require Assistant for their showroom. Telephone, enquiries, shorthand-typing. Hours 9-5.30. No Sats. Holiday arrangements honoured. TEM. 0044.

SECRETARY, 22-35, for West End Consultant. Salary £9/£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

PERSONAL Assistant (female) required by Accountant. Book-keeping to trial balance. Secretarial duties including typing. Salary commencing £450-£500 p.a. Youth Hostels Association, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts.

SECRETARIAL assistant (typ. ess. shorthand pref.) reqd for general office work, interesting and permanent position for right applicant. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, SW1 (VICtoria 4962).

GERMAN/English shorthand-typist reqd. at once by German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St, London, WC2 (TRA. 7231).

APOLLO Agency invites enquiries from employers and top-grade office staff, permanent/temporary. 18 Hanover Street, W1. MAYfair 5091.

WANTED – Mother's help for Cotswold farm house; good bus service; live as family, would welcome a child. State terms required and if free immediately. Box 321.

DOMESTIC help required for some cooking and help with grown up children. Daily help kept. Good home. Highcroft, 22 Winnington Road, London, N2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PORTUGUESE young man (26), Cambridge Cert. of Proficiency in English, teacher and Law student, seeks remunerative work August and September. L. B. Ribeiro, Carregal do Sal, Portugal.

STUDENT requires work in London July and August this year. Any work, partic. welfare work accepted. Any offers? Box 185.

INTELLIGENT woman, expd masseuse, seeks full or part-time post with Doctor, osteopath or similar. Sh./typist. Box 295.

SKINT but cultured young writer, three languages, marriage impending, ska highly-paid London post till Oct. Work not objected to. Box 318.

GERMAN translations by native German student (interested in Advertising), splendid German style, Classical educ., commercial exp., typing, wide interests. Box 283.

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PERSONAL

RESIDENTIAL CENTRE

Organisations seeking a venue for short-term courses in the Session commencing September, 1958, are invited to apply for bookings of the London Co-operative Society's Residential Centre situated in Hornsey Lane, Highgate.

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INNSBRUCK 2 car seats A40 20/6/58. Retn. Lond. 13/7. Pref. driver. Box 247.

HORSE-drawn barge holidays and other waterway cruises, 6-7½ guineas p.w. S.a.e. to Hostelboats, 19 Gt Western Rd, W9.

PARIS edge (Sèvres). Furnished house to let £25 inc. all month Aug. Sleep 4. 2 rooms, kit., b/room, garden, garage, 10 mins Paris and tube. Personal rec. Box 9451.

MAN, 27, resident Stockholm recently for one year, teaching English, seeks temp. post there immed. Box 9600.

YNG woman doc. wants to ferry car London/Barcelona to arrive 1 Sept. Clean licence, safe and careful driver. Box 105.

YNG man 22 seeks medium tennis partner (m.) or club near London. Box 130.

MAKE a personal record on an unbreakable aluminium cored disc. Your verbal greetings can be posted to any country. From 7s. 6d. Reduction for students. Froud, 6a Camden Square, NW1. GUL. 2069.

PEACEFUL flatlet & use piano for 12 hour week secretarial help to English author MA. Suit theatre-wise researcher linguist, trainee in Lit. translation. Box 199.

CONTINENTAL Touring: we arrange your own tour to any part of Europe. Microbus with driver takes 6/7 persons at £12 per week per head, including petrol. Or car for three persons at £20 each per week. From any continental port, any route and duration; we plan it all with you. Also self-drive cars & microbuses. Hotels. Air & rail travel. Write: Auto Europa, 46 Theobalds Rd, London, WC1.

ONE/Two seats in car, London-Pau, leaving 24 May. Box 317.

FRIENDLY normal girl, any nationality, wanted to help with light housework and baby. Personal freedom respected. Small wage. Any hope? Gadd, Fivehead, Taunton.

DEVON. Private 4-berth caravan, lovely farm site, fringe of moor, 12 miles Exeter, £4 weekly. Leather, Stacombe Farm, Doccombe, Moretonhamstead, Devon.

BELGIAN student (f) age 20, au pair, compan., July. 17 Grafton Close, W13.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays – 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Write Strachan, Creek Vean, Truro, C'wall.

FLAT to let, Gunten, Switzerland 10 May to 10 July. Sleep 3 to 5. GRE. 4035.

YOUNG Frenchman, 17 years, would like to stay au pair in family mid-August to mid-September. Box 239.

MASSAGE for fitness, health by nurse-physiotherapist. App. HAM. 2514.

VACANCY for couple with 2 children in Villa 8 miles from Palma (Majorca) from 17 to end of Aug. Ring Barnet 4640 evenings.

IF the bus strike prevents you from going to work, come and be photographed instead: 30 Abbey Gardens is still accessible from Bakerloo or even BRMR (suburban). Anthony Panting, MAI. 3200.

HUMOROUS articles, cartoons and short stories are required for a new, light-hearted man's magazine. Prospective contributors should apply to D. P. Chaudhuri, Garrick Hotel, WC2

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are all interdependent! Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

WHITSUN Holidays. Spend an enjoyable Whitsun with an informal party in Britain, in Italy or Switzerland. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LONDON mother & Son (8) wd like Aug. hol. by sea. Eng./France. Knowledge French. To help cost mother could assist other children/babysitting/secretarial. Box 338.

BOOKBINDER'S tools and accessories, wanted secondhand. Box 325.

CONVERSATIONAL French lessons by Parisian lady. Moderate fees. Box 194.

PERSONAL—continued

BECHSTEIN 3/4 grand piano, No. 20640, excellent condition and tone. 95 gns. Box 385.

OPPORTUNITY occurs for a young educated person with journalistic ability in well established Theatre Club. To be trained as personal assistant and manager. Commencing salary £500 year. Box 345.

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FRENCH Riviera. Delightful villa, sleep 5/6, to let, monthly periods May-August, overlooking sea at Menton, minutes from beach. Full cooking, lighting and other facilities. Reasonable to careful tenants. Box 198.

ST Paul-de-Vence. S/c. flat in country house Avail. Oct.-May. Box 63.

GERMAN student Commerce, 18, desires exchange one month with English family. Particulars: Oxted, Surrey, 3628.

WELL educ. lady, ex. warden, reqs P/T work, pref. ev. in exc. board res. for self & daughter 11. Excel. ref. Box 356.

CHILDREN over 3 yrs old welcomed as paying guests, any duration. P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. Tel. 268.

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FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

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CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

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THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

IN cases of nervous exhaustion try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating therapy, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2. AMB. 4041. Ask for brochure.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

TALENTED playwrights consult S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover St, W1.

ACCOM. address and desk service. Holborn and Traf. Square. Ring WHI. 8584.

GERMAN girl, 15, desires stay with family month of July to improve her English. Would welcome English girl to Bremen in exchange. Neumann, c/o Roske/Hanke, Mannheim, B6, 19.

ITALY, Viareggio, 10-27 Aug., 2 seats in Consul Ph. 2. £30 each. Box 312.

MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

FRENCH-English lessons exchange desired by English graduate. Box 301.

MUSIC & general discn. group. Players invited. Tel.: Mrs Dunn, HAM. 8109.

BED-WETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

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TARRAGONA at Fiesta Time – 14 days £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1. LAN. 3101.

PROTRAVEL – The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursday). LAN. 3101.

YUGOSLAV Towns and Country. Special Holiday-Study Tour by invitation of Committee of Yugoslav Cities. Ljubljana, Belgrade, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik, Split, etc. 19 days £90. 9-28 Sept. Town and Country Planning Association, 28 King St, WC2.

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SPACIOUS redec. sit. room & bedr., use k. & b. in priv. maisonette. Man preferred. HAM. 7757 bef. 9 a.m. till 11 p.m.

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GOWER. Furn. bnglow to let Aug. 16-30. Accom fam of six. 8 gns. p.w. Box 371.

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COUPLE grads. marrying seek furn. accom., ckg facs, mod. rent, 1 June. NW or W London. Urgent. Box 230.

COUPLE with daughter (3) urgently need unfurn. acc. 2-4 rms, etc. Mod. rent. Hampstead or adj. areas preferred. Box 374.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 620

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey and Chanticleer Theatre, S. Kensington, London. Summer Drama Schools. Interesting and Stimulating courses in Acting and Production under Professional Stage Staff. Several 7-day courses July and August. One eve. course. £4 4s. and £7 7s. Syllabus: Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hulton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LOBBYISTS! Who is the British Lobby? How does it work? Read S. E. Finer's brilliant, fascinating study, out this week, Anonymous Empire. 12s. 6d. Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

A LETTER to the Labour Party from the Soviet Communist Party. Full text in this week's 'Soviet Weekly', price 3d. from 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE following are the contents of the May 'Plebs': 'Tory Tricks in Budgets', by the Rt Hon. Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'In – The Machine: Out – 40 Clerks'; 'Socialism in India', by George Thomson, MP; 'H. N. Brailsford – A Socialist Spokesman', by Frank Horrabin; 'USA – Land of Contrasts', by W. Campbell Balfour; 'Making the Most of Machines'; 'Trade Unions and the Individual – A Canteen Discussion', by Dr W. McLaine; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Sharing Rivers', by Frank Horrabin; 'Plums from the Press'; 'New Books'; 'NCLC News'; 'Plebs' is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'EDUCATION and Socialism.' How should our education system be reformed so as to accord more closely with socialist ideals? A new and provocative pamphlet by Socialist Union. Available (2s. 6d., postage 4d.) from 447 Strand, WC2. COV. 3341.

THE Censor Exposed – on the cover of the May-June 'Encore'. 1s. 6d. from the Best Booksellers or 25 Howland St, W1.

MOST universal and modern chemistry, accurate and still generally well understandable by business men, teachers, chemists, engineers, techn. clerks and foremen and by science students is published now by science students in 'Practical Colloid Chemistry' (3s. 6d. per year). Already subscribed by famous Universities, State libraries, etc., abroad and referred in the US Chemical Abstracts. Address: 7 Downside Road, Clifton, Bristol 8.

'THE Liberal Ghost', a sparkling piece by R. P. Arnot in May Labour Monthly. George James (NUR Executive) writes 'Crisis on the Rails'; 'Wages and the Economic Situation' examined in R. P. Dutt's Notes of the Month. 1s. 8d. post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism; books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6407.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of not less than £120 in the case of a full-time student and not less than £60 in the case of a part-time student, tenable for one year in the first instance. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarship Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1 (from whom further partics may be obtained) not later than 24 May, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Postgraduate Awards. The University offers one Senior Studentship of £500 per annum for research in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Mining Engineering, or Metallurgy; also a number of Studentships and Scholarships of £300 per annum (£250 if living with parents) for research in Arts, Law, Social Sciences, Education, Pure Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, tenable from 1 October 1958. Application forms from the Registrar, to whom they must be returned by 1 July.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: 'New Statesman', 1945-1957, complete – offers; 'New Statesman', 1951-57, 13 missing – offers; Lambretta.

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Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA

Week 12-17 May

Empire Theatre, Liverpool

Mon.	Carmen
Tues.	Cav. and Pag.
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thur.	Don Giovanni
Fri.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Sat. (Mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Evg.)	Faust

Evenings 7.15 Sat. Mat. 2.15

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COVENT GARDEN OPERA

12 & 15 May at 7.0 Don Carlos (in Italian)
14 May, 7.30 Elektra (in German)

Further programme available to 30 June
Box Office now open.

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

13 May, 7.30 Ballet Imperial, Hamlet, Petrushka

17 May, 2.30 & 7.30 The Shadow, Coppelia

Further programme available to 30 June
Box Office opens 14 May.

'CORREGIDOR' (H. Wolf). 2 perfs. by City Opera Club. 21 & 22 May, 7.30. K. George's Hall, WC1. Details: PUT. 1418.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Fri. Evs 8.0 Sat. Sns. 5, 8. 'Quaint Honour.' Mems.

DUKE of Yorks. TEM. 5122. 8 S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Joan Greenwood in Lysistrata. Last week – must end 10 May.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 2nd Year. Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Edition. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, ticket and free magazine.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. St. 5, 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Last week. A Resounding Tinkle & The Hole. 12-17 May, Epitaph for George Dillon.

TH. Royal E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8.0 Sat. 5.0 & 8.0. 'The Respectful Prostitute.'

TOWER. 7.30. 9, 10 (Mems 11), 15, 16, 17 May only O'Neill's drama 'Anna Christie'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl., N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Ganze Macher' ('His Friend at Court'). 'Great wit' (Jewish Chron.). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

The Apollo Society presents

C. DAY LEWIS

introducing and reading
his own poems

Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room,
SUN., 18 May at 7.45
10s., 6s., 3s. WAT. 3191.

SATURDAY, 10 May, Royal Festival Hall at 8. London Symphony Orchestra Belgian Tour programme: Double String Concerto by Tippett and Meditations – Bliss, conducted by Sir Arthur Bliss; Sinfonia Concertante K. 297b – Mozart (Roger Lord, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Paul Draper, bassoon; Barry Tuckwell, horn) and Dance Suite – Bartok, conducted by Edouard Van Remoortel. 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

FINE Arts Quartet with Reginald Kell (clarinet). Four concerts at 5.55 p.m. 14 May: Quartet No. 5, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet K.581, Mozart. 16 May Quartets Op. 18, No. 4 and Op. 59, No. 3, Beethoven. 19 May: Quartets Op. 95 & Op. 130, Beethoven. 21 May: Quartet No. 4, Bartok; Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, Brahms. Tickets 4s. (incl. prog.), Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191.

AGON by Strawinsky, 1st perf. in Gt Britain. Mozart Piano Concerto K.488. Annie Fischer, Collegium Musicum Londinii, John Minchinton. Royal Festival Hall at 11 p.m., Wed. 21 May, 5s.

MOZART. English Première of the recently found 'Die Entfuhrung' Suite K.384, Chelsea Town Hall, Mon. next, 12 May, 8 p.m., also Weber, Spohr & 'Serenade', Richard Arnell. Wind Music Society (Bryan Fairfax). 6s., 4s. 6d., 3s. Chappell & Co. & usual agents.

HAYDN'S Church Music, a Lecture with musical illustration by H. C. Robbins Landon, famous musicologist and author of 'The Symphonies of Josef Haydn'. Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq, SW1, Friday, 16 May, at 7.30. Tickets 5s. from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St, W8. WES. 9003.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 11 May: 'A Man is Ten Feet Tall' (A). From 12 May: 'Bad Day at Black Rock' (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 11 May. C. Mitchell. 'Monkey on my Back'. X. Gina Lollobrigida. 'Bread, Love and Jealousy'. A.

SCR Garden Party for Soviet tourists. SCR members, accompanied friends. Refreshments. Wed., 21 May, from 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sqr., W8. Adm. 2s.

ORIGINAL Works of Art. You are invited to an auction of paintings, prints, pottery etc., arranged by the Communist Party Artists' Group at 78 Regents Park Road, NW1. Saturday 10 May 6.30 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz: Sandy Brown: Personal choice. Peter Gammond on Piano Jazz. Monday, 12 May 8.15 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 10 May, 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED colour-collotype reproductions, nearly 100 subjects, old and modern masters, from 14s. 3d. inc. tax. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt.Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Till 31 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Paintings by Anil Gamini Jayasuria, Ceylonese child artist. Opening 15 May.

DIVERSION: Exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. 11-31 May. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 3-6. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paul Poulchol. From 15 May. Daily 9.30-6. Sat 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Sergio de Castro. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 7 June. 142 New Bond St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Last 3 days. Today (Fri.) & Sat. 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn. The Guggenheim Award 1958: (British Section) opens 16 May.

TURNER House, Penarth, 56 Group. 2nd Exhib. 29 April-1 June. Closed Mons.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Monotypes by Edgar Degas. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Graham Sutherland; Rodrigo Moynihan; Norman Alexander and lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Dly 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 May.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Joyce Batty, William Crozier, Margaret Mellis.

ERNST Fuchs: Paintings, drawings and etchings until June 10. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., an important exhibition of recent paintings and water-colours by Calliyannis. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One. 20 D'Arblay St, W1 (GER. 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Poliakoff – First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. Opens 15 May. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 20 June.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street. 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings Morley Bury. 8-31 May.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Citron, Morris, Jadot. Till 17 May. Daily 10-7 inc. Saturdays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP

Brighton – 18 May: Dr Pitt on the West Indies.
Cambridge – 31 May: Mr A. Faruki on Pakistan.
Bristol – 29 June: Speaker to be announced. Subject Indonesia.
Enquiries: Secretary, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

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ULR INTERNATIONAL FORUM

'CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION'
DR HASTINGS K. BANDA. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Thurs. 15 May, 1.15.

ULR HISTORY GROUP

NORMAN BIRNBAUM on 'THE GERMAN REFORMATION', Sun. 18 May, 7.30 p.m. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON SCHOOLS LEFT CLUB

Next Fri. 16 May, 'CAN CINEMA SURVIVE?', LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Adm. 9d. Mems free. 5.15 p.m. Today Fri. 9 May, *Michael Foot*, 'WHAT IS SOCIALISM?'

INSTITUT Français du Royaume-Uni, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, SW7. Tel: KEN. 6211. Tuesday, 13 May, at 8.15 p.m. (in co-operation with the London 'Hiram' Lodge. Grand Orient de France). Professor Henri Laugier, Professor of General Physiology at the Sorbonne, Hon. Vice-Chancellor of Algiers University, Former Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations, will speak on 'Coopération internationale et recherches scientifiques'.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on 'The Epithalamians of Sappho: Popular Song and High Poetry' will be delivered by M. François Lasserre (Lausanne) at 5.30 p.m. on 15 May at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket, James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St, WC1). An Inaugural Lecture by Professor D. McKie entitled 'Science and History' will be given on Thursday, 22 May, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

SOCIETY for Psychical Research. Thirteenth Myers Memorial Lecture. Professor C. D. Broad, Litt.D, FBA, on 'Personal Identity and Survival', Caxton Hall (York Hall), at 6.30 p.m., Thurs., 15 May. No tickets reqd.

80TH anniversary of Czechoslovak Social Democratic Party. Public meeting. Caxton Hall, Thursday, 15 May, 8 p.m. Speakers: Denis Healey, MP, Richard Jokel, Adam Ciolkosz, Vaclav Holub, Albert Carthy, Sec. of the Socialist International in Chair.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Is Authoritarianism Necessary in Schools Today?' Open discussion, Thurs. 15 May, 7.30 punctually, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Non-members 2s. (teachers free).

'TELEVISION – Blight or Benefit?' – the educational consequences – Speakers: Sir Robert Fraser, Director-General, ITA, Miss I. K. Hogg, Edward Blishen. Chairman – Desmond Davis. 6-8 p.m. Thursday 15 May. Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1. Admission by Programme 2s. 6d. from SEA, 37 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 9 May 8 p.m. David Magarshak: 'Dramatist V. Producer in Sov. Theatre'. Fri. 16 May 8 p.m. Dr. G. Bolsover: 'Russian Foreign Policy 1815-1914', 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Sun. 11 May 5 p.m. Prof. V. Ilyine: 'Godmanhood' (in Russian). Tues. 13 May 8 p.m. Prof. V. Ilyine: 'Two Russian Thinkers: Fedorov & Rosanov' (in Russian).

THE Use and Abuse of the Open Mind. A. Robertson, M.A. 11 a.m. Sun. 11 May. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 11 May, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: 'The Biggest Thing in History'.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Civil and Religious Power in Islam and in Calvin's Geneva' will be delivered by Professor G. H. Bousquet (Algiers) at 5 p.m. on 12 May at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 16 May, 8.30 p.m. Madame A. M. Matley, on '19th-Century French Literature'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

ALGERIA – M. Pierre Stibbe, of the Paris Bar, on the administration of justice in France and Algeria. Wed., 21 May at 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. A public meeting org. by Haldane Society.

INAUGURAL Meeting and Social. 'Screenview' (unique Film/TV journal). Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, WC2. See 'African Conflict', Thursday, 15 May, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. includes refreshments.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Work of Henry Miller. Speakers: J. P. Donleavy, Thomas Hinde, Karl Miller, Kathleen Nott. Chairman: John Wain. Thursday, 15 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

BENN W. Levy: 'Socialists and the Theatre', Tues. 13 May, 7.30, at Unity Theatre. Admission 2s. EUS. 5391.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 11 May. 'Spiritual Discipline'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 17 May at 6 p.m. Señor P. Parrilla: Folklore Andaluz.

PERSONALIST Group. Symposium on A.I.D. by Canon G. B. Bentley, Roy Miles and Richard Benjamin, Tuesday, 13 May, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

'MAN'S Problem with Woman': Oscar Köllerström. Lecture at Caxton Hall, Caxton St., SW1, Tues., 13 May, 8.30 p.m. Silver collection.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. 'The Novel', discussion inc. Brian Glanville, Philip Hobsbaum. 8 p.m. Sun. 11 May. 2s. 6d. guests, 1s. 6d. members.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, 11 May, 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Discourse: Antony Bates, 'John Todd Ferrier and his Message'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 14 May, 6.30 sharp: 'Satipatthana-Vipassana Meditation', U Maung Maung Ji, MA, LI B. A deeply significant lecture on the development of Mindfulness and Insight. Also Sat., 10 May, 3 p.m., Saturday Group: readings, discussion, tea, open to all. Beginners' Class (short course of 4 lessons, alternate Tuesdays, open to all) starts Tues., 13 May, 6.30, conducted by Miss M. Winder, MA. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. Tues., 13 May, 6.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Fundamental Unity of India'. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 619

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